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CANADA;

FROM THE LAKES TO THE GULF:

THE COUNTRY, ITS PEOPLE, RELIGIONS, POLITICS, RULERS, AND ITS APPARENT FUTURE.

BEING A COMPENDIUM OF TRAVEL THROUGH THE

UPPER AND LOWER PROVINCES,

TOGETHER WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THEIR

RESOURCES AND ENTERPRISES, TRADE, STATISTICS, ETC., VIEWED BOTH
IN ITS BUSINESS, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ASPECTS.

ITS VARIOUS CITIES AND SUMMER RESORTS, SALMON RIVERS ETC.,

TOGETHER WITH THE

Legends of the Lower St. Lawrence and the Cities on the Coast.

IN FACT, A VALUABLE AND INTERESTING BOOK FOR BOTH
TRAVELLERS AND HOME FOLKS.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY CAPTAIN MAC.

PRICE, 50 cts

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Montreal:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1881.

R. Bell

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PREFACE.

For inflicting this work upon a generous, confiding and unsuspecting public, I have not a word to say. If there be within its pages anything I have said that I'm glad of, I'm sorry for it; and *vice versa*. Should my effort provoke a smile, I'm glad of it; pious and energetic remarks, I'm still glad. Should the bored peruser gain the information wished, I'm yet glad; but should the work capture the half-dollar sought, "I'm *gladdest*."

"MAC."



ILLUSTRATIONS.

Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, Frontispiece.
Mississippi Steamer.
High Bridge, Tennessee.
Wine Company, St. Louis, Mo.*
Niagara Falls.
Fort Niagara.
Toronto.
Court Reception, Ottawa.
Steamer in Lachine Rapids.
"Scottish Mistrust."
"The Saintly."
Montreal.
Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal.
Quebec.
Falls of Montmorency in Winter.
Falls of Montmorency in Summer.
Percé Rock.
Capes Trinity and Eternity.
Halifax.
Cod Fishing on the George's Banks.



MARQUIS AND PRINCESS.

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS.

A TRIP TO THE UPPER AND LOWER PROVINCES, LAKE ONTARIO, AND RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

IN April, 1880, I laid back in a comfortable chair at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, whilst a negro boy was energetically endeavoring to put "de Crescent City polish on de shoeses," prior to my rambling at the Lake-end and around Spanish Fort. Whilst the boy was thus occupied I fell into a reverie, and my mind seemed fully occupied in trying to decide upon which route to take during the long summer months now fast approaching. Whilst still mentally cogitating, the porter, an acquaintance with whom I had become tolerably familiar, soon brought me to a decision, for, said he: "Say, Captain, so they say you're goin away, so you are; which way are you goin?" "Well, Phelim," I answered, "I expect to go north, through Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Illinois, to Chicago; then possibly through Michigan, and perhaps into Canada." "Oh, bedad," said Phelim, "are you goin wid thim Kanucks? That reminds me whin I wuz there, in '65, wid Gineral O'Naille, how we loike to hev' tuck the whole cunthry frum thim." This remark decided me, and in a few days I was *en route* for Canada.

In the spring a journey through the Southern States is most delightful and invigorating, and with the hearty

welcome the traveller receives at each new stopping-place ; the anxiety of the citizens for news, both political and general, from other states, stamp the population at once as being both hospitable and highly intelligent. Stopping respectively at Mobile, the coming seaport of the Gulf then again at Montgomery, the first capital of the Southern Confederacy and the prettiest laid-out city in Alabama ; again at the flourishing Gate City, in Georgia, which, in spite of the ravages of Sherman and his blackguards, is now fast rivalling New England with its manufactures and industries, we hurry through to Chattanooga, the Mountain City of Tennessee, and there were treated to an unusual sight for a citizen of the sunny South. A first-class snow-storm was in progress, and the mountains surrounding the city were covered with the fleecy white crystals. Lookout Mountain looked especially grand and majestic, clothed in her winter drapery, but the transition from summer to winter was so short—twelve hours only—that it seemed hardly realistic, and, but for the sensation of cold experienced, we could hardly reconcile ourselves to the fact.

From Chattanooga we were fortunate enough to embark on the first passenger train on the New Cincinnati Southern Railroad, at that time under the management of Mr. T. C. Gabbitt. The road runs through some of the wildest mountain scenery in America, and is certainly one of the triumphs of engineering science. Its construction has cost the city of Cincinnati alone some \$13,000,000. The High bridge over the Cumberland river is said to be the highest trestle in the world, and is over 160 feet above the bed of the river, and certainly demonstrates to what perfection iron bridge building can be brought, for in crossing the feeling of the traveller is that he is gliding through mid-air, and is really without

“visible means of support.” It was stated that, should the passenger drop a rock or piece of coal, whilst the cars were in the centre of the bridge, the train would arrive at the other side before the missile struck the water. Of course there were plenty of experimenters, but results were unsatisfactory.

Arriving at Lexington it was but a short trip to the “Falls City,” Louisville, prettily situated on the banks of the Ohio—thence through the fertile states of Indiana and Illinois, to the future great metropolis of the West, St. Louis. This city, that in 1850 contained but 40,000 inhabitants, is now a busy hive of human industry, and numbers over 500,000 people. Its commerce is great and constantly increasing. Its industries are both staple and enterprising, whilst its public buildings and parks command the admiration of the entire Western people. Smith’s Garden, owned by an English resident, rivals some of the boasted parks and gardens of the South of England. Anheuser, the brewer, has an establishment that would compare favorably with Bass or Allsopp ; whilst the American Wine Company, for the manufacture of “Cook’s Imperial Champagne,” possess cellars that would be creditable to Mumm of Reims, or Cliquot of Epernay. Under the guidance of the genial president of the company, who is untiring in his efforts to please and entertain his visitors, we wandered through their fine vaults or cellars, where the manufacture of champagne is carried on, and, as the process may be interesting to the reader, I will attempt to describe it : these vaults, which are claimed to be the largest champagne cellars in the United States, occupy the entire space between Cass and Garrison avenues, and are divided underground into various departments, in the first of

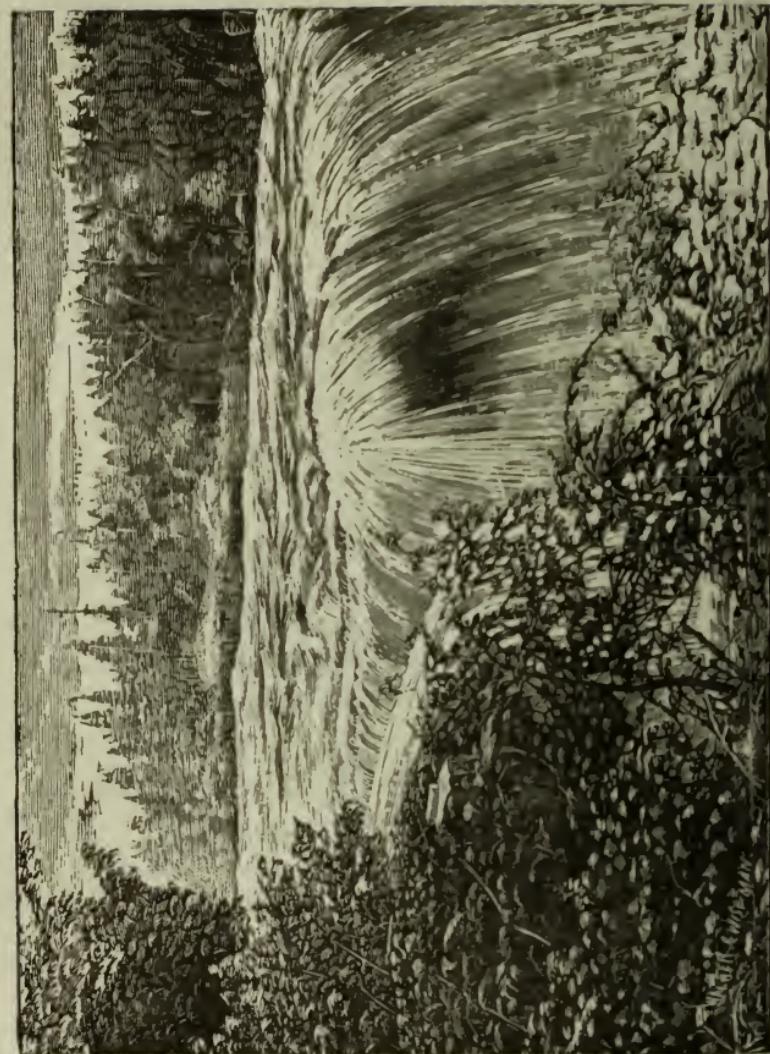
which we see the large casks of this season's juice as it comes from the grape press, the wines from each district being kept separate. Then we notice the large vats in which the wines from Ohio and those from Southern Missouri, and other favored localities are blended. The wine is then racked off into bottles, well corked, and arranged with their necks downward in rows on *pupitres* or stands, where they undergo for several months the moving process in order to settle all the sediment from the wine on the cork. After viewing the labyrinth of underground vaults, filled with thousands of bottles of wine admirably binned, we return once more to the light of day, passing through walls of barrels of last year's vintage still in the wood. We then pass on to the *finishing room* : here we find seated in a row, each before his special machine, skilled workmen ready to give the last touch to the bottle before it passes into the hands of the consumer. Workman No. 1, called a *dégorger*, had to practically solve the difficulty of expelling from the bottle the accumulated impurities lying on the cork, and forced into that position by the skill and watchfulness of the movers or *remeurs* ; this he accomplished by a skillful withdrawal of the cork, when the force of the explosion forced out, with a wonderfully small loss of wine and gas, the obnoxious deposit. This done, the bottle is passed on to Workman No. 2, who proceeds to infuse into the wine a small but fixed percentage of a luscious nectar, technically called a liqueur, the quantity being determined according to the taste of the market, thus solving the mystery of "dry" or "sweet" Champagne. Workman No. 3 then proceeds to replace with a new cork the *bouchon de service*, powerful machinery compressing the yielding wood, and inserting into the narrow neck of the bottle a cork that appears quite

out of proportion to the duty required. Workman No. 4 is the stringer who skillfully adjusts the twine, making by physical force the cork assume the mushroom appearance with which we are all so familiar. No. 5 then wires the bottle. No. 6 deftly adjusts the gold or silver leaf, and to No. 7 belongs the duty of affixing the label or brand of the firm, thus completing the work and leaving the bottles ready for the packing room prior to exportation for champagne drinkers found the wide world over. In New York city, the manufacturers do not go to all that trouble; they merely procure Jersey cider, condemned wine and sulphuric acid, sweeten it and charge it with carbonic acid gas like a bottle of soda water, label the bottle and place it on the market, thus saving both time and expense, and materially assisting the spirit merchants in their sales of brandy to relieve the pains consequent on the absorption of a bottle of New York champagne.

From St. Louis a twelve hours run across the State of Illinois brings us to that energetic, bustling and prosperous city, the grain emporium of the world, *Chicago*. Still hurrying onward twelve hours more, and we reach the thriving City of Detroit, the river alone separating the State of Michigan from the domain of Her Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria. It is probably at this point the visitor first notices the wide difference between the enterprise of the Americans and the seeming apathy of the Canadians. Although Windsor is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railroad and the nearest town to the Western States, still enterprise seems dead, and the *ennui* of the people so pronounced that they seem disinclined to make any exertion in their own behalf or for the advancement of the town they live in; there, however, is some reason for this. The younger people

all cast a longing eye towards Uncle Sam's possessions, and hope to some day explore for themselves the wonders that are so freely talked about on the return of those who have visited the States and settled there, for of the numbers who yearly visit their relatives, but few ever express a desire to return to live, whilst the older people don't care so long as they have enough for the time being, for, as one old gentleman remarked, "What is the use of the Dominion "Government expending vast sums of money for emigration, if we can't keep either the laborers or domestics over "here; and it is my belief that Canada is just becoming a "recruiting ground for the United States, and will eventually "become annexed to that country." At Windsor the idea is prevalent that the Wabash R. R. will purchase the Great Western, and the people express their entire approbation and delight at the prospect, and will hail the purchase, should it be consummated, as an omen of a return to prosperity and good times for their section of the country, for accounts of the wonderful change wrought by the Canada Southern through an otherwise barren district are continually quoted and commented on.

Crossing once more to Detroit, wandering through its spacious thoroughfares, admiring its public buildings, and visiting its immense elevators and wharves, it seems hardly possible that the people across the river could knowingly have allowed such an opportunity of building a western terminus to slip through their fingers, but the fact is apparent to each visitor. Taking the night boat, "City of Detroit," we have a pleasant run of 140 miles to Cleveland, arriving at the latter city in time for an early breakfast at the Kennard; thence by the A. & G. W. to Buffalo, the Lake outlet of the Erie and New York Central R. R. A twenty-two mile



VIEW OF THE FALLS.

run further on brings us to the famous Falls of Niagara, where we conclude to stop at one of the fine hotels on the American side. Whilst at the Spencer House it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Sir Arthur Kennedy, who with his amiable daughter and attendants were doing the falls *en route* from Australia to London. Sir Arthur, who was the Governor General of Queensland, has been an official in Her Majesty's service some 38 years, and was now on his return to his native country. I found him a most agreeable acquaintance, a studious and close observer of human nature, and a perfect fund of information and anecdote. His satire on the selfishness of Canadian politicians and its grasping capitalists was certainly pungent and pointed. The contrast between the magnificent hotels on the American side and their reasonable charges with the accommodation offered and extortion practised on the Canadian side is most marked. The only hotels on the Canada side affording a view of the Falls are the Prospect House, owned by Isaacs and his father-in-law, Davis, the owner also of Table Rock (they still stick to a good portion of the Israelitish faith and despoil without mercy) and the Clifton House, which latter is generally leased by speculators. There is one other hotel on the Canada side commanding a good view of the Falls, "The Brunswick." The following, given for the information of intending visitors, is a correct copy of a one day's board-bill on the Canada side :

Room 115, —————	1880.
Mr. —————	Dr.
Board 1 Dy., Lodg, Bkft. & Din	7.00
Dinner claret, \$1.50 ; Extras, 1.15..2.65	
Bus 1 way, 50c ; 1 way, 25c.....	75
	—————
	\$10.40

And when the mild-eyed visitor informed the clerk that he but arrived at 5 o'clock a.m., and was away again by 5 o'clock p.m., too early either for tea or supper, he was assured by that gentleman that it was all right ; the charges were all the same whether meals were taken or not, and, as a matter of great condescension, he informed the visitor that next time he came to the Hotel they would give him supper free of charge, knowing full well that one slap each season is quite enough. No wonder, if those charges are kept up, people from the States will no longer sigh to do Niagara Falls for the summer, for the only way to travel here would be to pay the bill but kill the clerk, and so check high-handed despotism for the future.

Niagara Falls, once so noted and well-patronized, has, it seems, of late years fallen into disrepute with the summer travellers, and the cause is still left unexplained, although numerous theories are advanced : whether it originates from the grasping propensities of the hotel proprietors, or whether it is a natural consequence of the scarcity of really good views without large payments, is one of the facts for the public themselves to determine ; but that patronage has fallen off most lamentably of late is a fact well attested, although I was assured by one searcher after truth that a great sensation would be produced next season that would once more awaken an interest in the Falls, for the leading inhabitants had subscribed to a fund for bringing scientific men to visit in a body, and as for some time carters and others have been actively engaged in dumping rock both in the waters above and below, it will soon be scientifically demonstrated to a confiding public, and the figures accurately given to prove, how fast far-famed Niagara is receding towards Buffalo, and it will be ample proof the sight of the

immense pile of rock dumped from one end of Goat Island.

The effect at night when the rays of the vari-colored electric light are cast over the Falls from the park is one of striking beauty, and makes up in measure for some of the many disappointments experienced, whilst a walk across the new Suspension bridge, almost in the midst of the vapor arising from the Horseshoe, and a ramble along the bank of the river to Clifton, two miles below, is really delightful and pleasant; but, finding a residence at the Falls expensive, we journey on to Lewiston, seven miles below, on the American side, thence across the lower river to Niagara village, some twenty miles below, and on the borders of Lake Ontario. This town is one of the oldest towns in the Province of Ontario, and was formerly the seat of Government. Here we found rest and quietness, good fishing—both black bass, herring and white fish in abundance—quiet and contented people, and moderate charges, a consummation most devotedly desired by all summer travellers. And were tourists aware of the many advantages that are offered by this almost forgotten little town, and of the pleasant sights and trips on the lake that can be indulged in and the *real* enjoyment obtained from a short stay, visitors would flock here in thousands instead of passing by almost without a notice. But to enjoy a week's rest and catch the fish yourself for meals, and find them served on the hotel table, piping hot within thirty minutes after they have left the water, is an experience worth miles of travel. The town, although so near the great highways of travel, is completely isolated. Business, the little that is attempted, follows the same routine from year to year; no energy is evinced, and consequently no desire for improvements. Here the lone fisherman is found in his primitive state, and even the bustling business man after a

short residence generally busies himself by endeavoring to forget his worldly education and enjoy the universal quiet of the surroundings.

Opposite to the village, on the American side, stands old Fort Niagara, silent, grim and sentinel-like, to guard the entrance to the river in the interests of Uncle Sam. The fort is very strong, being of regular construction, and mounting many guns, with stone towers at the west, south-west and south angles, and is now under the command of Capt. J. L. Tiernan, who has seen such active service on the plains and in the far west, and who at present is resting on his laurels in peace and quietness, which must contrast strongly with his lately adventurous life, but who in time of danger would be probably wider awake than to allow such a sacrifice of life as that permitted by Capt. Leonard, whose command were mercilessly butchered in December, 1814, by the *Christian* soldiers of a *Christian* king. The attack by the British on the night of December 19th, 1814, is thus chronicled : " The attacking force comprised the 100th Regiment, the Grenadiers, companies of the first and the flank companies of the 41st, with some artillerymen, the whole under the command of Col. Murray of the 100th. Bateaux having been secretly conveyed overland from Burlington Beach to a point about four miles up the British side of the river, the troops silently left camp about ten o'clock at night, concealed their march under cover of the adjacent woods, embarked without noise, and landed undiscovered on the opposite side, whence they descended cautiously towards the fort. At that time Youngston, a village about two miles from the fort, served as an outpost, and was garrisoned by a small detachment from the fort. The attacking party thought it necessary

to surprise this outpost without alarming the main body ; so a picked number were sent in advance, followed closely by the remainder of the attacking party. When they arrived in Youngston, some of the former crept up stealthily to the window and peeped in ; they saw a party of officers engaged at cards. ‘ What are trumps ? ’ asked one of the Americans. ‘ Bayonets are trumps,’ answered one of the peepers, breaking the window and entering with his companions, whilst the remainder of the detachment surrounding the house rushed into it, and bayoneted the whole of its defenseless inmates, that none might escape to alarm the fort. Not a shot was fired on either side, the sentries having retired into the building to shelter themselves from the extreme cold, giving them no time for resistance, and therefore allowing their assailants to finish their work of human destruction in grim silence. Resuming their march the attacking party drew near the fort, not a word was spoken, the muskets carried squarely so the bayonets may not clash ; the ice and crusted snow crackled beneath their tread, but the sound was borne backward on the gusts of a north-east wind, when suddenly the charger of Col. Hamilton neighed loudly, and was answered by a horse in a stable not far off from the front gate. The force instantly halted, expecting to hear an alarm suddenly given, and the sound of drums and bugles, and of the garrison rushing to their posts, but all remained quiet ; the sentries, crouching in their boxes, take the neigh of the charger for that of some horse strayed from its farm house, or from some neighboring hamlet, and they felt no inclination to shiveringly explore the thick darkness of a moonless, wintry night. The approaching force, finding all was still, put itself in motion, went hastily and silently forward, and the crisis was near.

The 'forlorn hope' was commanded by Lieut. Dawson and led by Sergeant Spearman. Halting about twenty-five yards from the gate, the Sergeant strode onward, and strange to say found the wicket open. The sentry, hearing some one approach, issued from his box and asked, 'Who comes there?' Spearman answered, at the same time introducing his shoulder through the half-opened wicket, 'I guess, Mr., I come from Youngston.' The sentry, perceiving from his accoutrements and actions that he is an enemy, turned inwards, exclaiming, 'The Brit—' the poor fellow said no more, Spearman's bayonet was in his side. The sergeant then called the 'forlorn hope,' which swiftly entered, followed by the column; the light company of the 100th made a rapid circuit, and escaladed, and the whole attacking force in a moment were inside the fort. Once inside they uttered a terrific yell which roused the sleeping garrison and occasioned a slight show of resistance. Lieut. Nolan of the 100th, a man of great personal strength, rushed into the lower part of the tower in order to bayonet the slumbering inmates. Next morning his body was found, the breast pierced by a deep bayonet wound, at the bottom of which were a musket ball and three buckshot, but he had taken the lives of three sleepers before he was stopped. One American lay at his feet whom he had killed by a pistol shot, whilst the cloven skulls of two others attested his strength and the rapidity of his actions. Some of his men followed him and took the tower, slaying its defenders to a man, and so brutalized were the victors that they rushed wildly into every building, bayoneting every American they met. In half an hour the fort was captured, and the blood-glutted victors sought to drown their excitement in drink and sleep. The short contest cost the British, Lieut. Nolan and five men killed, and

two officers and three men wounded. The Americans lost 65 men, and two officers killed and twelve men wounded. Thus fell Fort Niagara, and with such unexpected facility as gave rise to the report that treason had contributed to its capture, and it was charged that Capt. Leonard had betrayed it by giving to the British all the necessary information and countersigns. It was also known that a large sum in specie was in the fort at the time of its capture, and it was openly charged, and ever afterwards believed, that some of the officers had embezzled the specie, and their increased expenditures justified the accusation. No enquiry, however, was made by the British, and the prize money which had been expected to be large was disappointingly small. Although the Americans have to a great extent forgiven some of these massacres and extended the hand of friendship to former enemies, still the descendants of these marauding midnight butchers cherish within their breasts the spirit of hatred and animosity towards the descendants of those whom their fathers did their utmost to destroy."

On the shoals near the fort are most excellent fishing grounds, and the chief recreation of the summer visitor is to sail out to the shoals, anchor their boat and lazily read or dreamily pass the long summer day away. In the evenings and on Sundays other recreations are of course indulged in. The people of Niagara are friendly, hospitable and entertaining in their way. A retired Scotch gentleman who had resided here for the past four years, and with whom I had become on intimate terms, after solemnly assuring me over and over again that I was standing on historic and almost holy ground, volunteered to show the sights, so, after accepting his kind offer, I accompanied him to the little church-yard on the rise, where he pointed with pride to the graves of

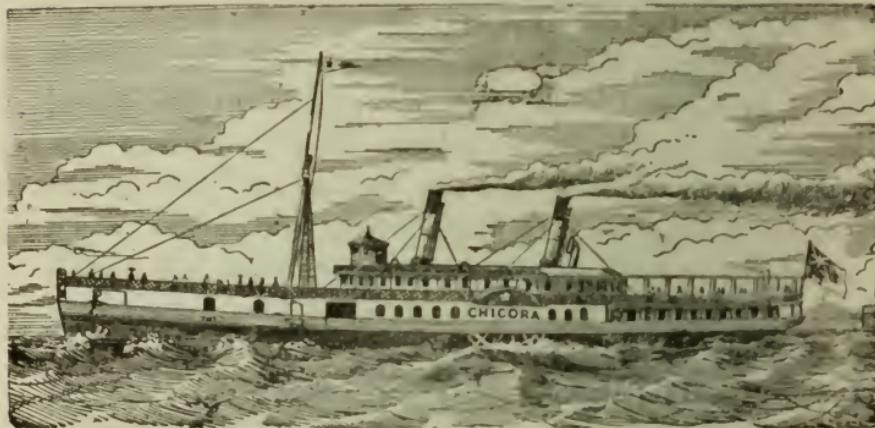
seven young men who were drowned whilst engaged in the unholy sport of yachting on Sunday. After drawing conclusions, and pointing out the moral for my benefit, he then proceeded to show the beauties of the battle ground and recount how many fell, indulging meanwhile in numerous comments on the perversity of the people of those times. Seeing so many evidences of dissolution around me, and the near approach to that somnambulent state by those still in the flesh, we bid adieu to the peaceful little town, and a 15 miles drive brought us to St. Catharines. Here we see the spirit of enterprise on every hand, contrasting strongly with the town just left. All are agreed, and are loud in their anticipations of the great benefits to be derived by enlarging and making the Welland a ship canal, for the development of direct trade from the West to Europe, each one bespeaking for this bustling little town a grand future, and increasing prosperity for the country round about.

From St. Catharines it is but a half hour's run by rail to Hamilton, which city is situated right in the bight of Lake Ontario at its south-western extremity. Here all the business of the Great Western Railroad is transacted, and under the able management of F. Broughton, Chas. Stiff and their efficient corps of officers, the road is becoming rapidly one of the most prosperous and best patronized in the Dominion, actively contending with the Canada Southern for a portion of western trade. Should an American company succeed in obtaining control, the Great Western would become a Trunk route from Chicago to the East, and would compete with the Grand Trunk for a considerable portion of the carrying trade of Canada. It was rather a curious fact to notice whilst in this city the hold that Democracy has upon the people them-

selves ; for several days it had been announced that H. R. H. Prince Leopold, the Princess Louise and suite, together with the Governor General, would pass on their journey to Niagara Falls and a tour through a portion of the States, still when the train arrived at the depot scarce 50 persons were assembled to pay their respects to Royalty, and the few attended mostly from motives of curiosity alone. About the only ones to greet the party were the American Vice-Consul, the railroad managers and a private American citizen. No enthusiasm was evinced, not a cheer rent the air as a welcome ; silently the Royal party arrived and as silently departed, but the episode served to convince us more thoroughly that the people do not so firmly pin their belief in the " Divine right of Princes " as the official sycophants would have us believe. At present there is a wordy war progressing between the rich and poor on the subject of the Scott Act debarring the sale of beer, wines and spirits in small quantities ; the poor people look upon it as a curtailment of their rights, and assert that, as they have been brought by these people to this artificial mode of life, they are only following scriptural advice, and trying to " drink and forget their poverty and remember their misery no more." The city itself lays some half mile back from the depot, and contains about some 25,000 inhabitants. The people themselves are an odd mixture of Yankee energy partially developed and old time tardiness ; however, several enterprises are established, and at present are in a paying condition. There are a large proportion of Scotch among the population, and they seem to vie with each other in emulating American ways. The city is a pleasant one and the people congenial and social, and look forward to renewed prosperity in the near future. Brighton and

Burlington beaches, situated between the bay and Lake Ontario, are the favorite resorts of the people during the summer.

From Hamilton a most delightful sail is by the steamer "Southern Belle" or "Rothesea Castle," two of the old-time blockade fleet, to Toronto, a distance of some 40 miles. The vessels during the American war achieved notoriety for speed as blockade runners from Nassau, but, of course, they have been overhauled considerably, had upper works and top hamper added, so as to almost alter their



appearance, although they still retain their reputation for speed. The sail along the lake was one of the most delightful that can be imagined. On a pleasant day, with the water calm, and sailing under bright skies, nature itself seems almost to enjoy and appreciate the holiday, and lend an additional charm to the scenery on the borders of the lake. The "Belle," under the command of Capt. Keith, has become quite a favorite with both the people of Hamilton and Toronto. Arriving at the latter city we were surprised to see still another blockader, the old "Letter B," one of

the most famous of the Charleston fleet, ranking next to the "Margaret and Jessie" (afterwards captured off Charleston, S. C., on her 16th trip, and converted into the supply steamer "Massachusetts"). The "Letter B" is now called the "Chicora," having been remodelled entirely above her main deck on purpose for lake trade. She now runs during the season, under command of Capt. Harbottle, R. N. R., to Niagara. Capt. Harbottle and his brother navigator, Capt. Dick, of the "City of Toronto," are probably the most popular men on the lake service, and although strict disciplinarians whilst afloat, they are most courteous to their passengers, and ashore socially are the jolliest of companions.

"The Law of God is greater than your laws !
Ye build your church with blood, your town with crime ;
The heads thereof give judgment for reward ;
The priests thereof teach only for their hire ;
Your laws condemn the innocent to death,
And against this I bear my testimony."

Longfellow.

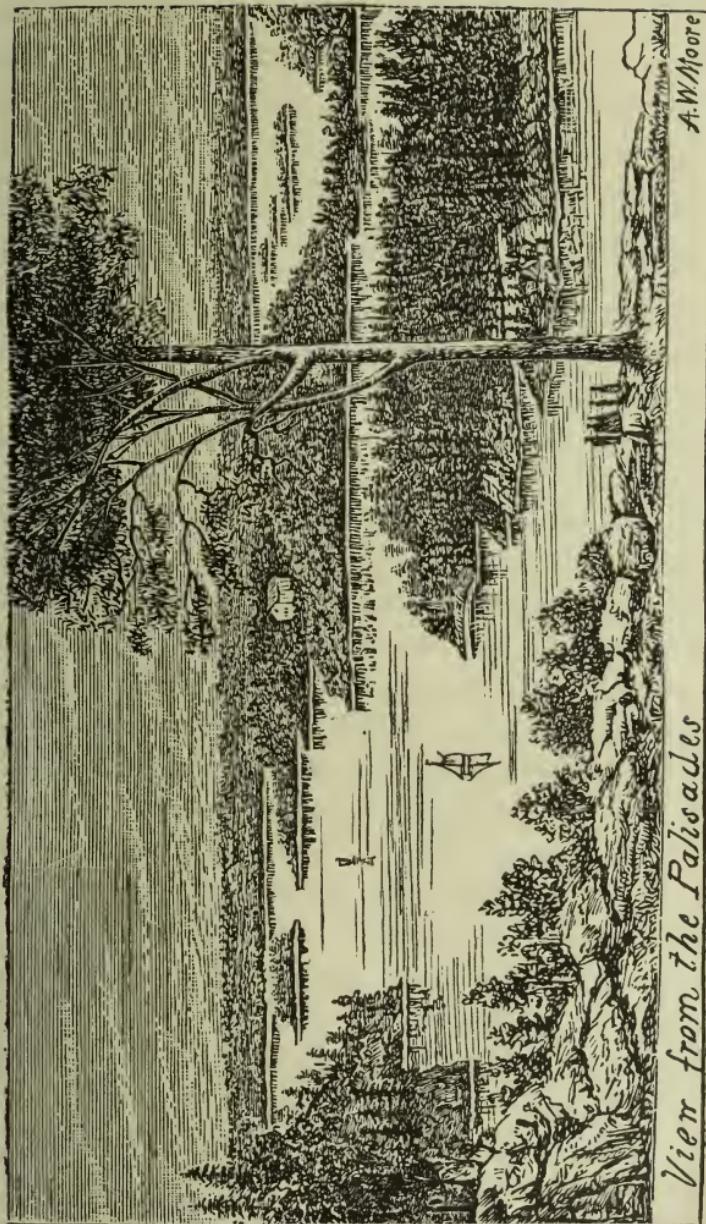
Toronto contains at present some 75,000 people, and is situated on an arm of the lake. It is substantially built, and is claimed to be the most enterprising city in the Dominion, and is ambitiously striving to become the depot for Lake and Ocean trade, and a transfer point from rail to shipping. Whilst watching the arrival of the trains at the Union depot, I noticed two enterprising Americans meet and greet each other ; both were commercial men, and equally animated with a desire to introduce their goods and secure a portion of trade on a reciprocal basis. "Well, Jim," said No. 1, "which way are you bound ?" "Back to God's country," said No. 2. "What !" exclaimed the first, "back already ?

Why, I thought you came here to make business and stay awhile." "Well ! so I did," replied No. 2 sadly. "I tried hard and thoroughly, and found these 'Kanucks' an uncongenial set, almost entirely under the control of their petty politicians and masters ; they are like the ice on their shores, you have to break it to get there, and when you arrive you find nothing but rock, and their hearts are of the same material ; in fact, they are the coldest, most selfish and most unsocial people I ever met." An *Italian*, who had been quietly engaged in sustaining the walls of the depot with his back, overhearing their conversation, interrupted them with, "Unsocial is it you call em ? oh bedad, there is wur ye mak' the mistake. Sure I hadn't been in the city twenty-four hours before me arm wuz bruk in two places, me legs was carried away from under me, and by mornin me head wuz covered wid patches, and the Judge fined me five dollars, and all for looking wrong way at a police, bad cess to him ! Bedad, they are the most sociabilest people I ever saw." The business men of the city are striving and enterprising, and were it not for petty officials and leaders of opinion, who are constantly both impeding and endeavoring to curtail and place obstacles in the way of the trades development, Toronto would soon be the leading city in the Dominion, surpassing by far the city of Montreal. On the Sunday we had the pleasure of attending St. Andrew's church, and of listening to a long dissertation on the history of Job and his patience under trials, difficulties and despoliation, which might have been modernized by the history of many a God-fearing Southern family during the late war, but somehow or another the preachers seem to have gone back considerably on the bloodthirsty doctrines advocated by Moses and his Hebrews, and dwell more and more on

those Gentiles or Heathen, such as Job, whose faith was firm in adversity, and freely quote him as an example of meekness and trust. The book that bears his name is a pleasant one to read—treachery and murder occupy no part of it ; it is the meditations of a mind strongly impressed with the vicissitudes of human life and by turn sinking under and struggling against the pressure. It is a highly-wrought composition, between willing submission and involuntary discontent, and shows man as he sometimes is, more disposed to be resigned than he is capable of being, after finding he has been despoiled by his fellows, but he seemed determined, in the midst of ills and hardships, to impose upon himself the hard duty of contentment. It has also been observed that the book itself proves to be the production of a mind cultivated in science, of the knowledge of which the Jews were very ignorant, and certainly were as illiterate and superstitious as Southern negroes at the close of the war. The prayers of Job were touching, and evinced a strong and earnest faith, greatly in contrast to those of the Hebrews, for the Jews never prayed but when they were in trouble, and then never for anything but victory, vengeance and riches. The sermon was an appropriate one, for in a few days the community were about to hang to the death an unfortunate fellow-being who, in a moment of rashness, and under the influence of a false education, had attempted to obtain what he considered his rights, by firing a shot with the intent to kill his employer,—a wound was inflicted by the servant's act, and shortly afterwards the employer died, even then it was stated possibly from his own indiscretion. The meek and lowly followers of Christianity, bearing in mind the prayer of their Saviour whilst in His death agonies, “ Father forgive them for they know

not what they do," demanded at once the life of a fellow-being. A judge and jury were quickly got together, the man found guilty, sentence of death passed upon him, and some of the newspapers remarked "that the life about to be sacrificed, even were it a dozen, were nothing to the one that had gone before." Fie upon the belief that God made man in His own image, and the prayer *Our Father*, when such practices on a brother can be tolerated by a Christian people. And even after the hurriedly-passed sentence had been carried out on the body of the poor wretch, there seemed to be a grim exultation when the papers noticed the fact that the man was poor, and no friends had visited him whilst in jail, and the executioner had tortured the condemned by strapping him so tightly as to cause him to cry out with pain before hanging.

In order to preserve the sanctity of a human life the Government, rulers and leaders of opinion, should set the example, and, by prompt punishment for crimes committed, impress the criminal with the certainty of punishment, and the knowledge that the Government would reap the benefit of his services for the remainder of his life. Far more fear took possession of the evil-doer, and more terror struck the hearts of the Venetians, by the terrible uncertainty as to what became of the one condemned after he crossed the Bridge of Sighs. When the verdict of guilty is rendered and the sentence pronounced, the criminal should be forever lost to the world outside, and his disposal left a matter of mere conjecture to the community, the mode of punishment being known only to the Government and its officials. Students of psychology assert that, after the sudden removal from life, the spirit hovers near the scene of its execution, and we know that with all its evil thoughts



View from the Palisades

A. W. Moore

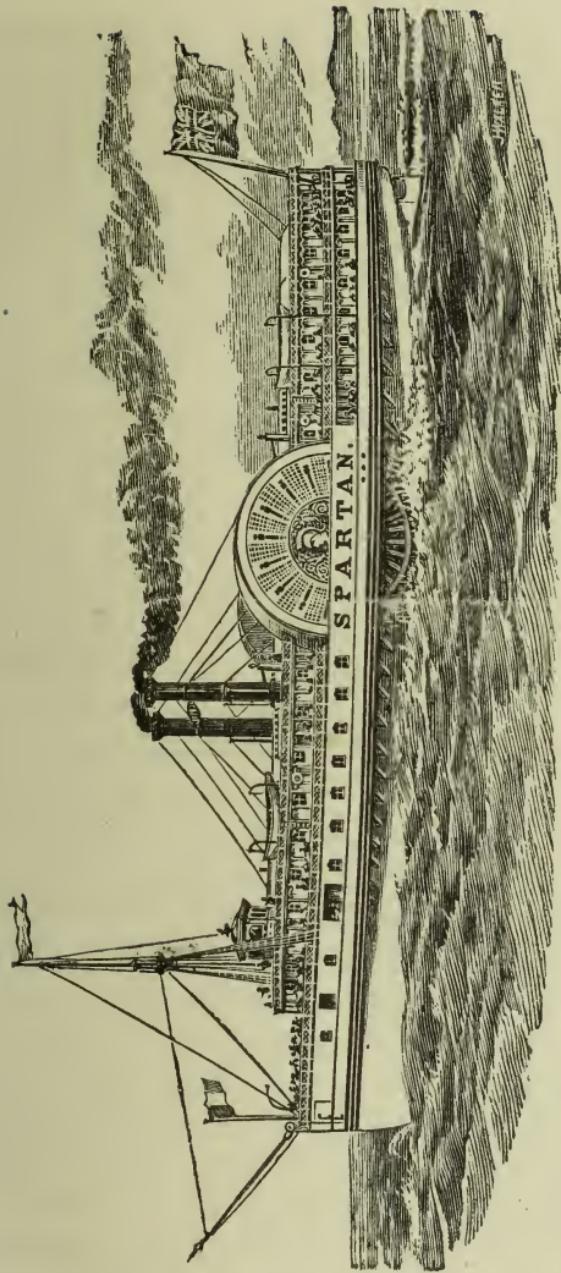
and those still more bitter, that on meeting with a kindred spirit in the flesh with whom it can come in rapport, it at once identifies itself with its living "companion, so that the evil thoughts and actions of the last shall be worse than the first" ; or, not finding a medium to affiliate with, will, like the apparition that appeared in December, 1628, at the Palace of Berlin, called upon the Almighty, and was heard to say : "Veni judica vivos et mortuos ! Judicium mihi adhuc superstest."—Come, judge the quick and the dead ! I wait for judgment. That the disembodied spirit does hover about the spot of its taking off is a well attested fact, and, as in but a short time we shall have to appear before the Almighty power that created us, it is my belief that there is no crime in the category that will justify the taking of a life of a fellow-being. Surely the punishment by the power that created us will be far more terrible and complete than the pitiful vengeance man can mete out, and oftentimes unjustly. Again the constant repetition and hearing of such scenes brings to the surface, and fosters in the heart, all the baser passions of mankind, besides breeding a feeling of contempt for the life of another, that all the outward forms of Christianity cannot obliterate.

Among the principal buildings are a University and a Cathedral. The church of the Holy Trinity was erected by a donation from a wealthy person in England of £5,000, and the seats were conditioned to remain free. As in other places both churches and ministers are for the most part merely tolerated; the seeming fondness for both church and pastor are in a great measure merely affectation. Employers attend in order to set an example to their employees, their wives and daughters to display their finery, whilst the servants attend

in order to stand well in the esteem of their masters, but both seem to have no particular love for the preacher.

The hotels of Toronto are well kept, and the public generally are well catered for at a moderate charge, impositions on travellers are very rarely practiced, and, taken altogether, the city will some day become a pleasant resort for enterprising and speculative Americans. The Great Western here joins the Grand Trunk Railroad, thus forming a continuous line through to Montreal and Quebec. Toronto Bay is a popular resort for yachting, boating, and other aquatic sports, and is well patronized, whilst on Sunday Hanlan's Island is the resort of the boys, as the bar at Hanlan's hotel is always open without any restraint. Amongst the cosmopolitan population assembled here in summer time how easy it is to distinguish the cold-blooded calculating denizen of the northern latitude from the vivacious warm-hearted resident of southern climes, Mexico or Cuba, but possibly the climate makes the difference, not only with men, but with plants, trees and even animals : the new-comer lately from his sunny clime is full of life and vigor, and liberal in his views, but were he to remain here no doubt he would become as inert and useless in this frigid zone as many of the inhabitants themselves.

Embarking on board the steamer "Spartan" of the Richelieu and Ontario line — which line it is asserted is about to pass over to American ownership—we arrive successively at Port Hope, Cobourg, Cataraqui, and are soon among the noted *Thousands Islands*. These islands, of which there are some 1,800, commence about six miles below Kingston, and extend for several miles down the St. Lawrence river. Our passengers, whilst admir-



STEAMER ON LAKE ONTARIO.

ing the islands (at this season of the year covered with verdure), rather took as a grim official joke the Government notice that the virgin forests were to be preserved, and affixing a penalty to any one found felling timber on the islands. Now about the only ones we could imagine attempting to fell timber would be some forlorn jay hawker from Kansas, where they have no timber except willow and cornstalks, and he would only fell it with his pocket-knife for toothpicks, for on many of the islands if an unfortunate goat were to land at night he would browse away all the timber before morning. Some of the islands are so large that a cat might sit on them by keeping perfectly still, but to keep dry she would either have to wrap her tail around her neck, or else let it drop in the water. (N.B. Some of the Islands are for sale, full particulars, etc., from agent.) G. M. Pulman, of sleeping car notoriety, owns one of the Islands near the American shore.

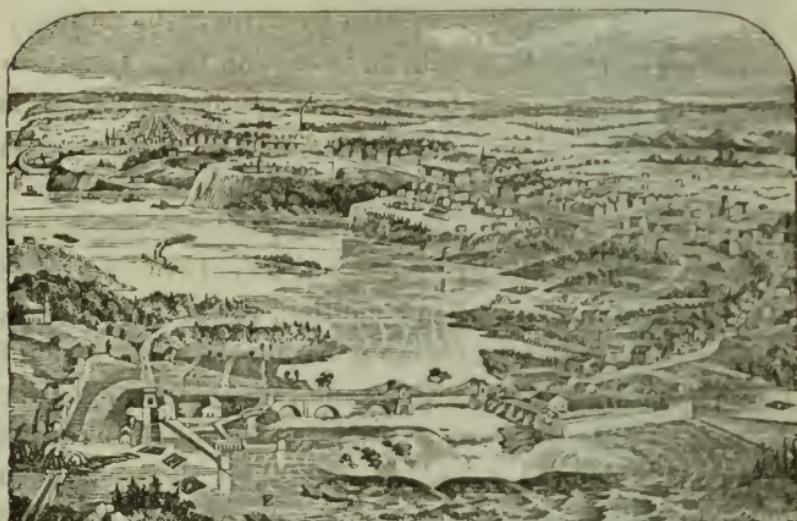
All along after leaving Port Hope the surface of the lake and river was covered with myriads of dead fish about the size of a shadine, and numerous theories were advanced by our passengers to account for their sudden demise. The day being very hot, a scientific piscaculturist insisted on the theory that the sun shone so intensely, so bright, and so warm, that the fish, startled at such an unusual sight, came to the surface of the water to ascertain the cause, when, of course, they were sunstruck and died immediately. Upon expressing this opinion, the votary of science was unanimously requested to take a back seat, and study theology for the balance of the trip. Another theory given was that the Fish Commissioners, having obtained a grant of cash from the Government for the propagation of fish in the rivers and lakes, had wisely expended the amount, less their own

percentage, in trying to acclimate salt water shad to the fresh waters of the lakes and rivers, and, having used all the cash appropriated, were now asking for more to further the experiment and enrich themselves. Seth Green might take a lesson from the knowledge of the Canadian Fish propagators, or at any rate we could find a few Americans who would constitue as good a Fish Commission, and render as voluminous a report as those worthies on the Salmon disease, Messrs. Buckland, Walford and Young, the grand triumvirate of Fisheries Inspection for Great Britain, who lately finished their investigations as a commission into the nature and cause of Salmon disease, and rendered their report of 1420 pages of closely printed matter in which they state, " that the fungus looks like wet brown paper, and is really a kind of soft down which attacks the salmon's nose, and thence directing its attention to the back of its head, tail and fins, so enfeebles and dilapidates the fish that it swims about in an imbecile manner on the top of the water, and eventually dies mad. The disease is known scientifically as Saprolegnia, and is considered to be 'like' the muscardine which attacks silk-worms, and not far removed from fungoid diseases which attack man and vegetables.* * * The fish are *not* good to eat and are *not* pretty to look upon. It may be a new ailment or it may be an old one, and though the Commissioners incline to the latter opinion, they cannot speak with any assurance. As to its cure, it may be effected in two ways: either by eradicating the disease or by rendering the fish less susceptible to its attacks ; " but which method should be employed the Fisheries Inspectors would not venture to assert. Meanwhile the Hon. Commissioners are of the opinion that "all dead fish should be removed from

the rivers and buried above high water mark or burned; and, after all, the Commissioners fear that these conclusions are inadequate." If any three lunatics in American asylums could not prepare a better report for the Government for the sum of \$1000 than these Hon. Commissioners, then it is about time either that they were hanged or otherwise elected to office by their fellow citizens.

After leaving the Islands we next call at Brockville, a thriving little town of some 6000 inhabitants, and connected with the capital by the Brockville and Ottawa R. R., thence on to Prescott, where we remain to witness the military manœuvres and the sham fight on Dominion Day. In no two counties or states can a greater contrast be seen than is here presented by the Village of Prescott on the Canadian side and the City of Ogdensburg in the State of New York. Whilst the one shows American thrift, go-aheadiveness and prosperity, the other looks nothing but a shell or a ruin. The town itself is in a wretched condition, the streets ill kept, business is but small, and, were it not for the small amount of cash spent by summer visitors and railroad travellers, the people must either starve or emigrate. Although the Bank commands a good amount of capital, it demands such terms for its use that no improvements are ever thought of, and its merchants have no idea of ever increasing their trade. There are two breweries and a distillery in Prescott, the owner of the distillery is a member of Parliament, and distills enough whisky to control every vote in his district. He is also one of the most enterprising men in the place, and one who endeavors to keep up with the times, making several trips yearly to the States, and no doubt adding to his general stock of knowledge, as also to his fine breed of stock. The hotels are small and prices proportionately

high, living poor, and the visitor is very apt to make foreign acquaintances at almost any hour of the day or night he may occupy his room. Dominion Day in Prescott was the great day of the year, the militia were encamped for their annual drill. A sham fight was to be indulged in, and an attack made on old Fort Wellington, which is fondly imagined by the citizens to stand as a menace to the people on the other side of the river. The militia boys, the sons of small farmers—raw recruits but a



CITY OF OTTAWA.

few days before—went very creditably through their work, and aided in convincing me that the improvised soldier is, *under certain circumstances*, quite equal to the professional hireling, for, during the civil war in the United States, it was on several occasions demonstrated that a small and patriotic command whipped and nearly annihilated a well-equipped and veteran army of twice their number, but it is still to the interests of the rulers of the people to

mb rue false ideas upon this point. It is due here to state that the militia were drilled under the personal supervision of the old veteran, Col. G. Shepherd, who, after years of active service in the East, is now passing the evening of life in his pleasant home at Burritt's Rapids.

It was by an attack on Fort Wellington from Windmill Point with a small company of liberators that the gallant, brave and noble Polander, Col. Von Schoultz, in the year 1838, won for himself a lasting name and a respectful word even from the lips of his enemies. He was the soul of honor, and as cool of head as he was brave in heart, and even though he perished with his faithful band of followers, still he was revered as a foeman worthy of a better cause. But had he been guided (even feebly as he was supported) by an intelligence brighter than his own, success instead of defeat would have crowned his efforts and his cause; but his superior officer, General Birge, was the impersonification of absolute cowardice and a thorough craven at heart who brought upon himself, by his false promises, the obliquy, of the loss of lives more precious than his own, whilst his name became a by-word and reproach, for the men who sacrificed their lives even in a fruitless cause were esteemed and respected *by all*.

Mr. MacDonald, the bearer of the king's despatches from Toronto to Syracuse, at the time of the siege, is yet alive, and actively engaged merchandizing in the City of Montreal, and, although now waning in years, is social, energetic, still on the *qui vive* for business opportunities.

From Prescott to Ottawa is but a two hours' ride by the most dilapidated road in the Dominion, and through an unproductive region. The land is barren and sandy, and covered partially with rank growths and scrub timber

entirely unfit for agricultural purposes, but still has good locations for manufactories of various kinds. The inhabitants when pointed out their opportunities and rallied on their lack of enterprise invariably reply, "Oh this is a new country you know. It will take time to develop it." Still it is an older country than the States, and note what they have accomplished in the last one hundred years, or take for example even a section, the Southern States, who fifteen years ago, at the close of the war, found her lands laid waste, her houses burnt, her fences destroyed, her labor scattered or driven off, and her produce carried away out of the country, in fact she was the realization of desolation itself. Now see the change: her houses are rebuilt, farms are well tilled, manufactories are established at many points, and to-day the Southern section is the most prosperous of any section of the whole country, and the prosperity of the South has materially assisted in causing a return of good times throughout the whole nation, and its influence is even felt throughout the Dominion.

The City of Ottawa, the seat of the Imperial Government of the Dominion, is situated on the banks of the Ottawa river, just below the Chaudière Falls. These falls at one time were probably quite a feature in the scenery of the city, but now they are so marred and disfigured by log runs, canals, saw mills on the banks, &c., &c., as to destroy in a great measure both the view and the romance of such a natural attraction. The present population of the city is about 15,000, and is divided into two classes—Government officials and lumber dealers, raftsmen or connected in some way with the lumber interests. The whole trade of the city is supported by these classes, and it is safe to bet that every second person is a something in the civil service. The Parliamentary



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

Houses are a splendid block of buildings in the Italian Gothic style of architecture, and cost the people of the Dominion the sum of \$3,000,000 in their erection. They are pleasantly situated on the summit of rising ground overlooking the river and falls ; the grounds are well laid out, and present a good appearance. Parliament being dissolved but few of the members remain in the city, most of the prominent officials being off on their summer vacation,—those remaining are generally interested in the mission of Sir John A. Macdonald, who visits Europe in the endeavor to induce British capital to aid in the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad. These hungry political cormorants are watching with eager and expectant eyes every move, and anxiously awaiting their chance to get a finger in the pie ; but the English capitalists are getting to be a wary set, although a prominent stock-broker in Threadneedle street, London, averred that, in the City of London alone, there was some £50,000,000, seeking an investment in 1880 ; they have been bitten so often by honest Canadian speculation that now they are rather timid about investing,—they have not forgotten the Grand Trunk or the Great Western, and other seemingly good and promising speculations, of the long ago and they are probably well acquainted with the fact that millions of dollars have already been spent in the swamps (or by the managers) in making even as feeble an attempt as that which has been accomplished. Tons of rails have been laid to rust and rot in heaps in out-of-the-way places, ties and timber have been placed in piles and then carted away, government money has been spent on every pretext, and the results are only apparent in the improved appearance of the city dwellings owned by the promotors of the road. As [a

"Credit Mobilier" or a "South Sea Bubble" the Canadian Pacific will discount them all. Should England refuse her aid, it is the intention of the promoters to appeal to France, and should France decline to be bled then it is the intention, as a *dernier ressort*, to pit themselves against the Yankees, to see if there are lambs enough to make it an object to attempt to skin them. Sir John, who in appearance is not unlike Lord Beaconsfield the ex-Premier of England, is about smart enough for politicians here, and, having returned from his trip to England successfully worked a bill through Parliament creating and contracting for the building of the Canada Pacific Railroad.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.



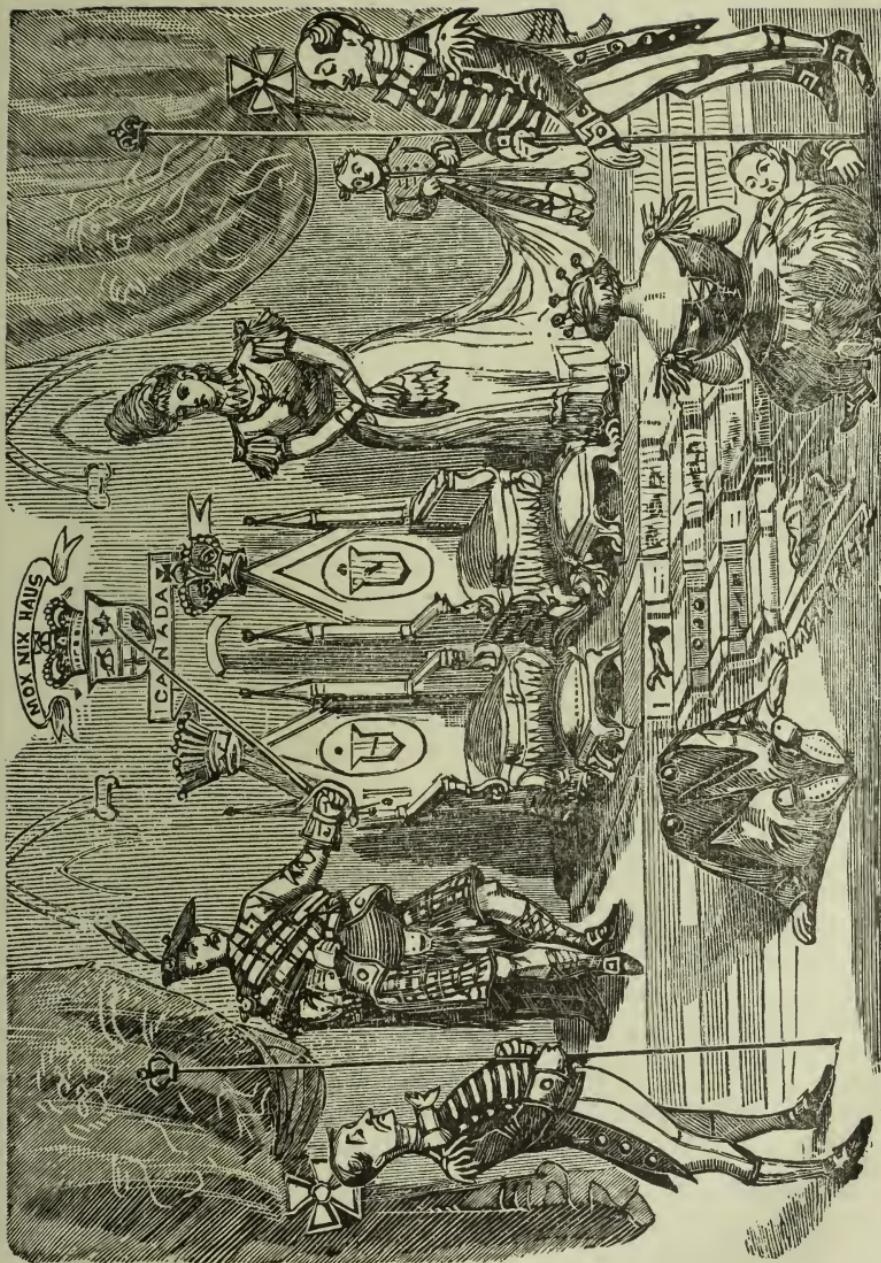
SIR A. T. GALT.

Sir John A. Macdonald, the Prime Minister of Canada, is a man about sixty years of age, with a half-Jewish, half-Scotch cast of countenance, his face wrinkled and tough-looking, but not unpleasant to gaze upon. In manner he is genial, and has constantly a smile for all who approach. In speech he is cool, collected, and a trifle hesitating, sarcastic, humorous, and sometimes witty in his remarks, quick to grasp a subject, forcible in

his criticisms, a man whose exterior gives no signs of the passions ruling within.

Even should the road become an accomplished fact, the results would be anything but satisfactory to the investor, for, running for the most part through an unproductive rocky and swampy country, and for a period of from five to seven months each year being closed altogether to travel of any kind, returns from the small amount of Pacific territory to be drained would have to be something enormous to even pay expenses, much less interest on capital, and wear and tear of machinery and plant. Then, again, with such active competition as will be brought to bear by the Northern and Southern Pacific roads of the United States the Canada road would stand no chance at all. The N. P., or National Policy, comes in for a good share of controversy at present. Its advocates point with pride to the results of the policy of protection in the United States and of the industries fostered and nourished by its protecting influences. The opposition contend "that, whilst protection may be of benefit to a country with a climate and soil that can raise such a diversity of products as not only to supply the actual wants, but also all the artificial requirements of its population, protection will never amount to much in Canada, for the simple reason that there is but little to protect either in staple industries or minerals. It is true the Canadians have an almost boundless continent from the banks of the St. Lawrence clear up to the North Pole itself, but the only inhabitants of those higher regions, the bears, wolves and seals, do not appear to care a cent whether they are protected by the N. P. or not. The Princess Louise, wife of the Governor General, accompanied by her brother, Prince Leopold, and suite, left for England

on a visit and to recruit her health, therefore the fashionables and (camp) court followers were also on a tour. It was expected at first that her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, would have accompanied her, but, from politic reasons, he made a tour of the Lower Provinces instead. Possibly the Marquis feels that he can enjoy himself better and with more freedom in the Dominion than he can at the Court of St. James, for the Londoners assert that the Marquis is not over anxious to reside among them and his stay in their City on the occasion of his visits was certainly very limited. The Marquis of Lorne is a fair-skinned, blue-eyed, light-haired little gentleman, good-natured, and just dissident enough to be led by the politicians, and to accept the Governorship of the Dominion so as to be out of the way of his royal relations. The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is a lady of medium height, with a good-natured face, and, were she not a princess, would be just the sort of lovable home wife to make a man happy. Although not possessed of a style of beauty equal to her royal sister-in-law the Princess Alexandra, still she has that pleasant cast of countenance that marks so distinctively the children of Queen Victoria. Being a princess to the manor born, of course she wishes for court etiquette, the Marquis, also aspires, whilst in Canada, to follow the manners in vogue at the Court of London; whilst to the tailors and dress makers of the Capital the Canadians are indebted for some of the absurd and ridiculous fashions now considered *au fait* at the Court of Ottawa. During this administration low-necked dresses, short sleeves, or doctors' certificates, were first instituted as costume for the ladies at receptions, and in this latitude it is



KNIGHTING THE JONES FAMILY.

especially appropriate and becoming: fancy Mrs. J. Muggins Jones, weighing 905 or 509 lbs. the wife of a retired eating-house keeper, after months of earnest supplication, solicitation, and fees innumerable, to ushers, secretaries, and understrappers generally, has at last the wish of her heart and prayer of her life answered, for she and Mr. J. Muggins Jones are to be presented at Court. On the day appointed for the presentation, the happy pair drive to the Vice-Regal residence in their own carriage, adorned with the newly-emblazoned family coat of arms—*une saucisse, deux pommes de terre assiette, conteum fourchette a la crosswise*, probably. Notice the happy smile that illuminates the countenance of Mrs. J. M. J. as the footman alights from his post on the box with the coachman, and opens the door of the carriage for her ladyship to descend; then behold her, after being assisted to alight, take the arm of her lord, and with stately tread mount the steps to the Gubernatorial mansion; then, handing her wrap to the first high watcher of the door bell, she takes her place in a line with others for the presentation. Poor Jones all this time feels ill at ease, he gazes on his brogans, and wonders if No. 16 feet are the usual size admitted to Court, he gets himself into a profuse perspiration in attempting to draw a No. 9 glove over a hand like the hand of Providence, covered with warts and freckles; finally the kid gives way, and he feels like relieving his mind in good old home style, but is silently admonished by his wife, so he occupies the balance of his time in endeavoring to remember the instructions in the book as to how to accomplish the *recherche* court bow, but he can remember everything but that and his prayers. The hearts of himself and spouse are in a flutter, and each moment rise higher and higher in their throats. At last their names are

called, and they are ushered into the Vice-Regal presence. Then behold the couple, at the zenith of their ambition, Madame Jones, like the Queen of Sheba or an immense lager bier barrel, attired in a beautiful blue silk, cut bias in the back, and low-necked to the waist, short-sleeved in front: warm with excitement, perspiration and grease oozing from every pore, and a smile of gratified ambition upon her face. Her better half in his dress suit of black broadcloth trying to look unconcerned, but missing it every time, with great beads of perspiration on his brow, his hands convulsively either clutching his watch-chain or hunting for the pocket-handkerchief he dropped in the ante-room. There the couple stand, presented at court, monuments of gratified ambition, silent, stupid, but grateful and satisfied plum down to their boot heels. Jones is soon brought to his senses by the usher of the red bamboo tapping him on the head to remind him of his obeisance. All at once he remembers his court bow, and, in attempting to execute it, bends too low, and goes sprawling on all fours. His spouse, noticing her lord's discomfiture, endeavors to rectify it by placing her hand upon her heart and dropping a courtesy, but for such a mountain of flesh to expand something must give way, so, whilst attempting to courtsey, buttons from the back of the beautiful blue silk fly in every direction, whilst a lace in her elegant corsets snapped like a whip and in attempting to back out from the Vice-Regal presence she overturned a page who was approaching with a wrap, and sitting down upon him flattened him out like a pancake on Shrove Tuesday; but the ordeal was passed, the presentation was over, and the Joneses returned to their family mansion, feeling that they were no longer of the lower

orders, and already began to despise the "vulgah horde" who had never been presented at court. What mattered the cold and consequent fever that laid that amiable and aspiring woman up for the next two months, or the attack of rheumatism that confined Jones himself to the house, had they not attained the highest pinnacle of their ambition, and was not Jones when he went to his old sausage factory to collect the rents looked upon with awe and reverence when his exploits became known to the common people, in fact, the Joneses were daily becoming more conscious of their greatness and superiority. It is stated that several new orders of knighthood will be introduced at court next season, and will be conferred on the worthy ones, *i.e.*, those who pay, at extremely low prices for cash, and soon our ears will become familiar with such sounds as Juke Moses Abram Isaacs Threebal, Lord Squeezem Banker Smith, Sir Charcuterie Francis, Rt. Hon. Cent per Cent Grabal, etc. It is also rumored that on the return of Royalty the court ladies themselves are to become exclusive and distinctive, and no doubt we shall soon hear of orders amongst the fair sex that will outshine in dignity any honors the sterner relatives can acquire or assume. In order to uphold the anticipated magnificence of the Court and imbue the commonalty with a due appreciation of its dignity, it will soon be necessary for the Government of the Dominion to follow the example of the Province of Quebec and go to France to borrow a few more millions at 5 or 8 per cent., and then levy a tax for interest. The trade in lumber at Ottawa is something enormous, and the demand is yearly increasing, employing in the timber districts North, a vast number of men during the winter season.

Leaving Ottawa once more, we reach Prescott in time to take the steamer "Algerian" for Montreal, and soon are running through the Galop Rapid, thence through Long Sault, a continuous rapid of nine miles in length. The sensation experienced in descending the rapids is a very pleasing one: steam is shut down, and the vessel glides silently along at the rate of 14 or 15 miles an hour by the force of the current alone. Great accuracy has to be observed in steering the craft, and in order to accomplish this object the steering gear is of the best, and the steering wheels are double, and in descending the rapids a tiller is placed astern, so that it can be manned as well as the double wheels, and when the little steamer strains, labors and pitches headlong into the boiling cauldron at Lachine the feeling is a peculiar one, being akin to the idea that the boat is settling down; but under the guidance of old *Baptiste*, the Indian pilot, we are soon through, and come in sight of the bronzed dome of the Bonsecours market and the great Victoria tubular bridge, that connects the island of Montreal with the mainland. The bridge is about two miles in length, spanning the St. Lawrence river, the construction of which, in connection with the Grand Trunk R.R., cost the early investors some millions of dollars, the bridge alone costing fully \$6,250,000, the loss of which capital it will take them still some time to forget. Then under the bridge, and in a few moments we are moored alongside the wharf and landed.

CAUGHNAWAGA BELL.

Almost opposite Lachine, on the south side of the river, is the village of Caughnawaga, where the mail boat takes on board the Indian pilot *Baptiste*, to assist in guiding the steamer through the wildest and most dangerous of all the

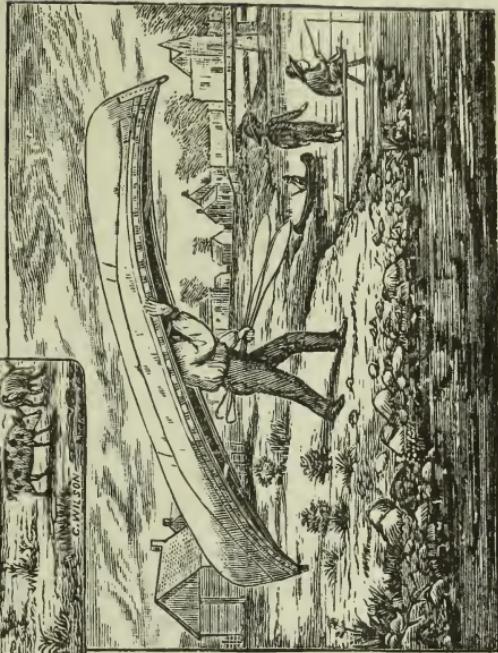
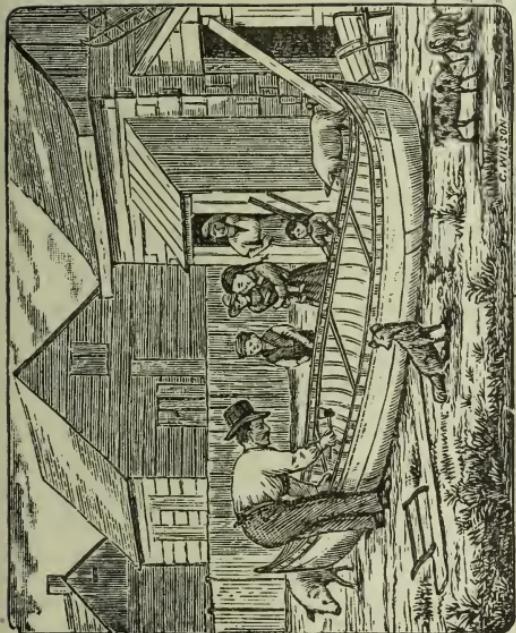
rapids, the "Lachine," that commences just below the town. The village is composed of a few streets of log huts, but in contra-distinction to the poverty of the surroundings stands a massive stone church, in the belfry of which hang two bells, one a large and modern one, whilst the other is a small one of the last century, and is of itself the subject of an historical legend, in the manner of its acquirement. It seems that, in the year 1690, one Father Nicols, one of those Missionaries who were the first to set the example of Christianizing the heathen, who had made numerous converts from amongst the Indians of the Caughnawaga tribe, had persuaded his hearers to give him furs enough to erect his church, and when they were all converted, he convinced them that religion was not worth having unless they had a bell to their church, so they became enthusiastic in the cause of the bell, and, so to speak, passed round the hat, and contributed a goodly portion of the furs that they had secured from their season's hunt to purchase the bell for their edifice. Of course the Indians did not know what a bell was, but believed it was a something that spoke in consecrated and angelic tones, and was a necessary adjunct to their new religion. They soon accumulated a considerable stock of furs, which were sent by Father Nicols to an ecclesiastical friend in Havre, France, who exchanged them for the article required, and no doubt divided the profits, and shipped the bell to Montreal. For some time the priest and his tribe of converts awaited its arrival, and it was thought at length that the vessel had foundered, but after a while the news reached them that it had been captured by an English man-of-war, taken to the port of Salem, Mass., and, further, that the bell was hung in a church at Deerfield, and rang in the interests of heretics instead of

good Catholics. This intelligence, through the wise counselling of the priest, not only made the Indians mad, but aroused their savage resentment. The priest advised them that the bell, which had not yet received the sacrament of baptism, was a captive in the custody of heretics, and caused them to register a vow that the first opportunity that occurred should be taken for its recovery. Some years passed before a chance offered, but the time was not lost, for Father Nicols' converts were enthusiasts, and diligently employed in adding new converts to the cause of Christianity, and in religiously plying the tomahawk and scalping knife upon such of their unregenerate neighbors as refused to acknowledge the new faith. But in the year 1704 the Marquis de Vaudreuil, then Governor of Canada, wishing to kill as many Englishmen as possible by stealth and strategy, as well as open warfare, went to the meek and lowly follower and advocate of Christianity, as the diplomatic head of the tribe, and prayed for the aid of the Caughnawagas to assist him to destroy his foes; but the holy father would only give his consent to lead a murdering and pillaging expedition upon the tacit understanding that the objective point should be the town of Deerfield. This condition, of course, was acceded to, and so the man of God assembled his savage converts, and with uplifted hands and stirring words informed them that the time for rescuing the bell had arrived, and appealed to them in the name of the Deity to rally, and march upon the crusade for its recovery. Like a second Gideon, he placed himself at their head, and his words and actions awoke enthusiasm in their savage hearts. Weapons were put in order, war paint donned, and in the middle of winter the savages, with their Christian pastor as a leader, departed to

join the regulars of the Marquis at Fort Chambly. The French troops, unaccustomed to travelling through snow-drifts and to endure the hardships of winter warfare, were with difficulty restrained from mutiny, but the Indians, familiar with snowshoe travel, progressed almost as easily as if the season had been summer. At the head of his savage Christian legion marched Father Nicols on his errand of murder and pillage, whilst by his side a stalwart convert bore the banner of the cross as an offset. At night the Indians were cheered by the voice of their leader in *prayer and exhortation*. Arriving at the head of Lake Champlain, the expedition marched upon the ice, until the spot now occupied by the City of Burlington was reached, when it took its course by compass through the wilderness of Vermont for Deerfield. Considerable hardships were endured by the expedition, but Father Nicols, sustained by remarkable zeal, continued on, until the expedition, on the 29th of February, saw in the distance its destination, and awaited the approach of night some four miles from town. At daylight De Rouville ordered his forces to advance. A strong wind was blowing, encrusted with ice, which broke beneath the weight of his men ; he therefore adopted the ruse of ordering the column to proceed a short distance upon the run, then to halt suddenly, thus imitating the sound of gusts of wind. The inhabitants of the town were wholly unsuspicuous of any movement against them, and, like the people of Liash of old, were wrapt in profound slumber. Even the solitary sentinel was asleep, and the hard snow piled nearly to the top of the stockades gave the assaulting an easy means of ingress. Quickly and silently they scaled the walls, and the sleeping sentinel was the first to receive his death-blow from a tomahawk. The

surprise was complete, and no resistance was offered. Then a terrible scene of massacre occurred ; some few escaped, numbers were slain, and about one hundred and twenty made prisoners. The troops rioted amid the plunder, but the Indians were after their bell. At the request of Father Nicols, the commandant despatched a soldier to ring it. As the first tones of the bell sounded on the cold morning air and fell upon their ears, they reverently knelt, whilst the priest solemnly returned thanks to God for their success, and invoked a blessing on the murders they had committed. What a sight ! the ground strewn with the mangled and mutilated corpses of the innocent slain ; the trembling captives mourning the loss of relatives, friends and homes, and fearing death and even worse at the hands of their barbarous captors ; the savages seeking to do homage to an unknown God whose precepts commanded love and kindness, but whom, through the doctrine and instruction of a preceptor they sought to serve by slaughter and cruelty. The bell was removed from the belfry and hung upon cross poles in order to be transported, the buildings of the place fired, and the party retreated ; the captives, men, women and children, were forced to keep up with the column, and when they dropped through exhaustion, or were unable to keep up, they were tomahawked before the view of the others, and their gory scalps added to those on the belts of their savage captors. By the time they arrived at Burlington Bay the Indians were thoroughly tired out with carrying the bell, whose weight their snowshoes would not sustain, so they found a likely spot and buried it. In the spring, upon their return, they found the bell had been undisturbed, and with joy the party bore it homeward, whilst those at Caughnawaga anxiously awaited its arrival,

INDIAN REPAIRING CANOE,
CAUGHNAWAGA.



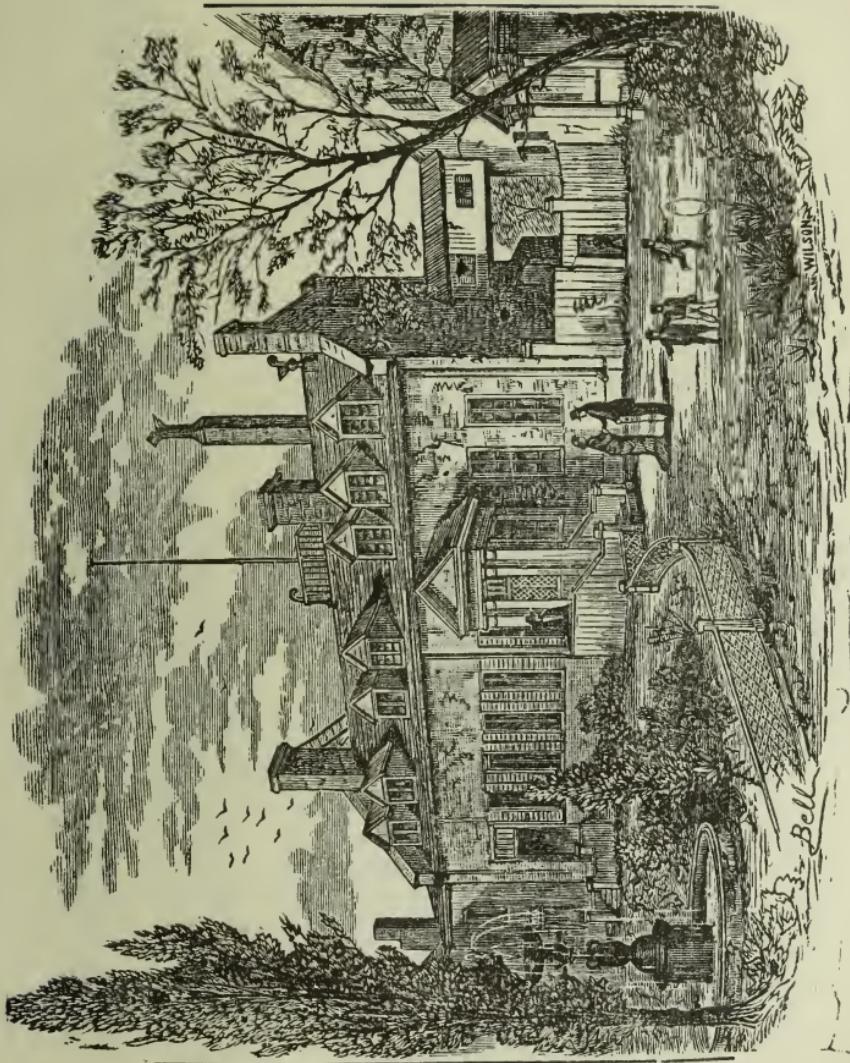
FORTAGEING BETWEEN THE
LAKES.

for those who had been on the expedition for its capture had described it in glowing terms. It was said that its tones were sweeter than those of the birds, clearer than the rippling melody of the river, and that it could be heard beyond the murmuring of the rapids. At length, whilst all were discussing the anticipated arrival, a novel sound was heard in the woods, and interest being awakened, a voice shouted "the bell! it is the bell!" when rushing to the edge of the clearing they met the returning expedition, at the head of which were yoked two snow-white oxen bearing the bell hung between them. Both bell and oxen were adorned with wreaths of leaves and wild flowers. The bell, after being closely examined and commented upon by the curious, was raised to its place in the belfry, and awoke with its tones the echoes of the St. Lawrence. The Indians for some time continued their rejoicings, but the sound of the bell fell upon the ears of the captives as the death knells of murdered relatives, and as a reminder of destroyed and desolated homes, and which they despaired of ever again beholding. However, two years later, the Governor of Massachusetts, together with the Governor of Canada, succeeded in obtaining the release of the survivors, some fifty-seven in number. Such is the history of the bell of Caughnawaga, and it is believed to be strictly true in all its particulars.

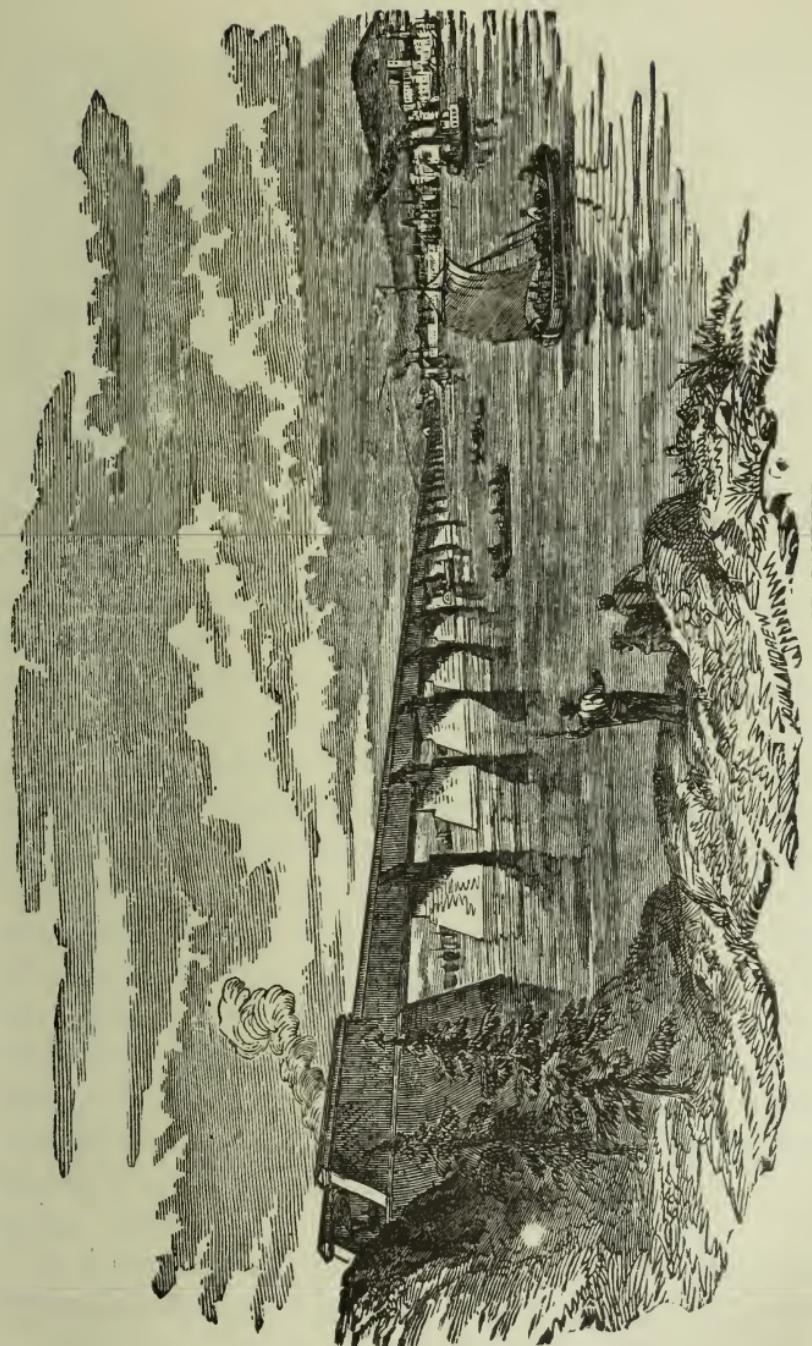
MONTREAL.

Montreal claims to be the largest city in British North America, with a population of some 130,000, and is an admixture of the greed and selfishness of the English portion with the shrewdness of the French habitants. Its wharves, extending from the foot of the canal some

two miles down the river, are substantially built of wood projecting from a broad terrace faced with grey limestone. The controllers of the shipping interests have certainly persevered in order to obtain the wharfage facilities they now have. A few years ago the Allan Line had almost entire control of the shipping interests of this port, and their steamships being largely subsidized by both the Home and the Dominion Governments they fast assumed control of the trade, and became a monopoly that smaller companies were afraid to compete with. Owing to the fostering care bestowed upon the line by the Governments and good management on the part of the Allan brothers, their line at the present time comprises one of the finest fleets of steamships in the world, representing an ocean tonnage alone of 77,400 tons, and the management of their immense business is certainly a study worthy of emulation. Everything is done almost by routine, and with perfect regularity, cheaply, efficiently and economically. The company divides each branch into a department, and each department held alone responsible for its actions to the head office. They hire their men by the season, work or no work the men know their pay goes on, therefore no strikes occur at critical moments, and upon the arrival of one of the steamers from sea she is unloaded and reloaded with expediency and dispatch. In addition to the ocean steamers, the "Allans" have quite a service of propellers on the lakes, thereby being enabled to transport grain and other produce direct from the point of shipment to their ocean steamers, at a cost that is merely nominal compared with the cost of transportation by an outside boat. Some idea of their immense export business may be formed from the statement that the Allan steamers have transported to



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MONTREAL.



VICTORIA BRIDGE FROM ST. LAMBERT.

Great Britain during the season 1880 some 11,402 head of cattle, 11,430 sheep and 1,354,706 bushels or 169,338 quarters of grain. Being thus so firmly established, with every facility at command, and with the underwriters discriminating in favor of the Allans, and against all outside lines, it was thought for a time to be the height of folly to attempt to obtain even a portion of the trade for a season, much less attempt to establish a permanent line, as a candidate for public favor and patronage, but, through the indomitable energy, perseverance, and close management of Mr. Thos. Cramp (David Torrance & Co.), the Dominion Line Steamships have become a regular and permanent line of traders to this port, and are rapidly growing in favor with both shippers and the public generally, and are certainly well patronized. The steamers of this line divide their service, a portion of the fleet being regularly engaged in trading to New Orleans. During the present season the Dominion Line have carried over 11,305 head of cattle, 21,262 sheep, and 2,400,000 bushels grain. There is still another candidate for permanent trade and public favor in the "Beaver Line," who also obtain a fair proportion of patronage; their exportations may be summed up in general as 6,457 head of cattle, 5,588 sheep, 1,050,000 bushels grain. The Donaldson Line, Clyde Service, the London steamships, together with the "outside ships" are roughly estimated to have carried 20,396 head of cattle, 33,263 sheep, grain, making the total exportation from the Dominion for the season of 1880, 45,560 head of cattle, 81,543 sheep grain. Total exports from Montreal, \$32,284,240.

It is certainly a fact that, unless cattle are obtained for shipment other than the slow process of raising them in this climate, there will soon be a scarcity that will make itself

felt, for in these latitudes they have neither the immense number of cattle to draw from or the pasturage on which they could winter or feed. It looks strange to see that shipments of cattle from Canada have assumed the shape of an industry from these markets where there are comparatively so few to select from, when the first drive from the State of Texas last season (and there are three drives each year) was 179,000 head ; but the law-makers of England, in order to discriminate in favor of their own colony, and to protect the industries of Canada, decreed that American cattle arriving in Great Britain must be slaughtered at the port of entry whilst Canadian beeves are allowed to live until they are needed in the market, so the wily "Kanucks" never ship any but Canadian cattle in this wise. When a season's drive of cattle start from Texas, New Mexico, or the West, early in the spring, they graze quietly up through the Indian nation, Missouri, Illinois and Michigan to the borders of Manitoba and the North West territory, and are there sold in large quantities to the farmers of that region ; during the summer and fall the shipper and speculator buy direct from the Canadian farmer and British Law is satisfied, and the Englishman eats his Canadian roast beef from Texas or Montana, and rejoices in the fact that Canada is prospering and has meat to spare for the mother country. A local paper thus chronicles the arrival of cattle : "Some days ago a drove of 250 Texas steers passed through Morris, Manitoba, on their way to Winnipeg. They were so uncivilized that they preferred to swim the river rather than cross over the long bridge at Morris.

NEWSPAPERS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

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There are about eight papers in French and English, comprising daily and weekly, with one weekly illustrated paper published in the city; the *Herald* and *Gazette* are the two English morning papers. The *Herald* is probably the most readable both for news and as a reflector of public opinion. The *Gazette* was owned by an M.P., but, being a public man, he possibly thought it would be looked upon by the people generally as if he were patronizing himself, whenever parliamentary or state business was secured, so the paper is published under the auspices of a company of which his brother is Managing Director, although it is stated that the member is still the Editor, and assumes naturally the inside track on Parliamentary business. When Queen Victoria, in her memoirs, made the remark that "it was astonishing with how little knowledge the world was governed," she certainly meant it to apply to the rulers and editors on this side of her domain also. Here a mode of attack is to obtain a point on a stranger, who, it is believed, will not resent the calumny, and then endeavor to create a sensation by an attack through the columns of his journal, and should justice be asked by the injured party, he is refused, except he pay at advertising rates to insert a card in his own vindication. One would imagine that such a procedure were beneath the

aspirations of a first-class journal. It was but a short time ago that an enterprising editor was pilloried before the City Council, and officially denounced to the public by one of the Board of Aldermen (vide daily papers, September, 1880). It is somewhat amusing to note the general disparagement, jealousy and contempt for each other that is secretly manifested between the rival papers, whilst the proprietor despises to a great extent his employees, some of the worthy owners paying their reporters the magnificent sum of six dollars per week ; they do not hesitate to appropriate the efforts of a man's brain, whilst they are living comfortably off his rapidly wasting powers. The evening papers are generally a rehash of the publications of the morning, and are given to their readers for one cent per copy. For a cheap paper they are certainly good specimens of their class, and, although lacking in vigor and enterprise, will compare favorably with a one cent paper in the States, or a half-penny daily in Great Britain. Their telegrams usually come per "Grape vine," whilst their editorials and brain work are amply supplied by the paste pot and scissors. The French papers are active in their criticisms, and their columns filled with European news, which aids to refute the oft-repeated boast that each English-speaking inhabitant has to carry ten French Canadians. If that was so, then God help the poor Frenchmen, for if any Scotchman was ever known to carry or assist his fellowman, then the fact should be given publicity. It has often been the subject of remark, that in Texas the cow boys are good hands at skinning cattle ; here they go one better on scriptural advice, and have served an apprenticeship, not only as fishers, but are also skinners of their fellowmen. As a class they are suspicious and distrustful of each other, and business trans-

actions that in other communities would be looked upon as contemptible and mean are here deemed perfectly honorable and correct. Possibly the best point to judge from is the hotel, for the stranger who is popularly supposed to be legitimate prey will find himself surrounded by a set of fawning sycophants, assiduously and anxiously endeavoring to extract the last cent by all manner of devices and pretexts ; but let the stranger express his intention of residing in their city, and of pursuing his own occupation—then commences a system of social ostracism, petty persecution and a regular game of freeze out. The new comer will find himself slandered by their journals, attacked by those whom he once thought friends, and altogether made to feel that he was only wanted whilst he could be plucked. Owning, as the Canadians do, an excellent water highway for the transportation of all classes of merchandise and produce from the far West clean through to the ocean, it is astonishing that such a dog in the manger spirit prevails, and it is certainly surprising that ere this a General Dalrymple, or a General James, has not gazed upon the country and taken notes for future reference. It is rather noticeable that, with all the contempt expressed when speaking of the United States, whenever a “call” is received, or a situation offered, the opportunity is at once embraced, whether by a minister or a humble clerk ; all seem equally eager and anxious to get away, and their expressions of love for Canada do not seem to deter them or bind them here in the least. Although the cry of Canada for the Canadians is often echoed, still if the United States were to raise a similar watchword, several of the inhabitants of this portion would find themselves badly off.

The city of Montreal is laid out in the form of a paral-

Ileogram, and the dwellings and public edifices substantially built, being for the most part of cut stone, giving them a solid and lasting appearance. This peculiarity and stability is accounted for from the fact that immense quarries of rock are opened in close proximity to the city itself; that it is certainly cheaper to erect a building of stone in preference to one of brick, without the consideration that the stone house is cooler in the summer time and warmer during the winter months than one built of any other material. The winters are very severe, and last usually from the latter end of October until May, and at times outdoor labor is entirely suspended for days together. The poorer classes are either gone to the States or confined in the hospitals or jails, but the merchants who have made enough out of summer visitors, together with the upper ten, are securely housed until next season's sun shall wake them into life and energy once more.

There is one thing may be said in favor of Montreal, and that is, provisions and the actual necessities of life are probably cheaper here than in any other portion of the Dominion, but, were it not so, it would be difficult to understand how employees existed at all, for the moiety doled out so begrudgingly by some of the employers of labor, and the redress so obscure, even should the laborer be despoiled of all, that it would be one of the problems of life solved to ascertain to what straits and exigencies, men were driven. The hotels—with few exceptions are amongst the most comfortable in the Dominion and endeavor to keep pace with the times, to attain the lead throughout the country and be quoted and favorably compared with others far distant,—the staid hotels of the city are most admirably conducted and generally pattern after the manners of the

“ Hall,” whose proprietor is a whole-souled, thorough judge of human nature, and whose nephew, as manager, is both an excellent companion and an accomplished caterer—knowing well that the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach, and has been actively engaged in ministering to the daily wants of a hungry community from the mines of California to the palace of the Montezumas.

RELIGION.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers, “ life is but an empty dream ! ”
For the soul is dead that slumbers, and things are not what they seem
Life is real ! Life is earnest ! And the grave is not its goal ;
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,” was not spoken of the soul.

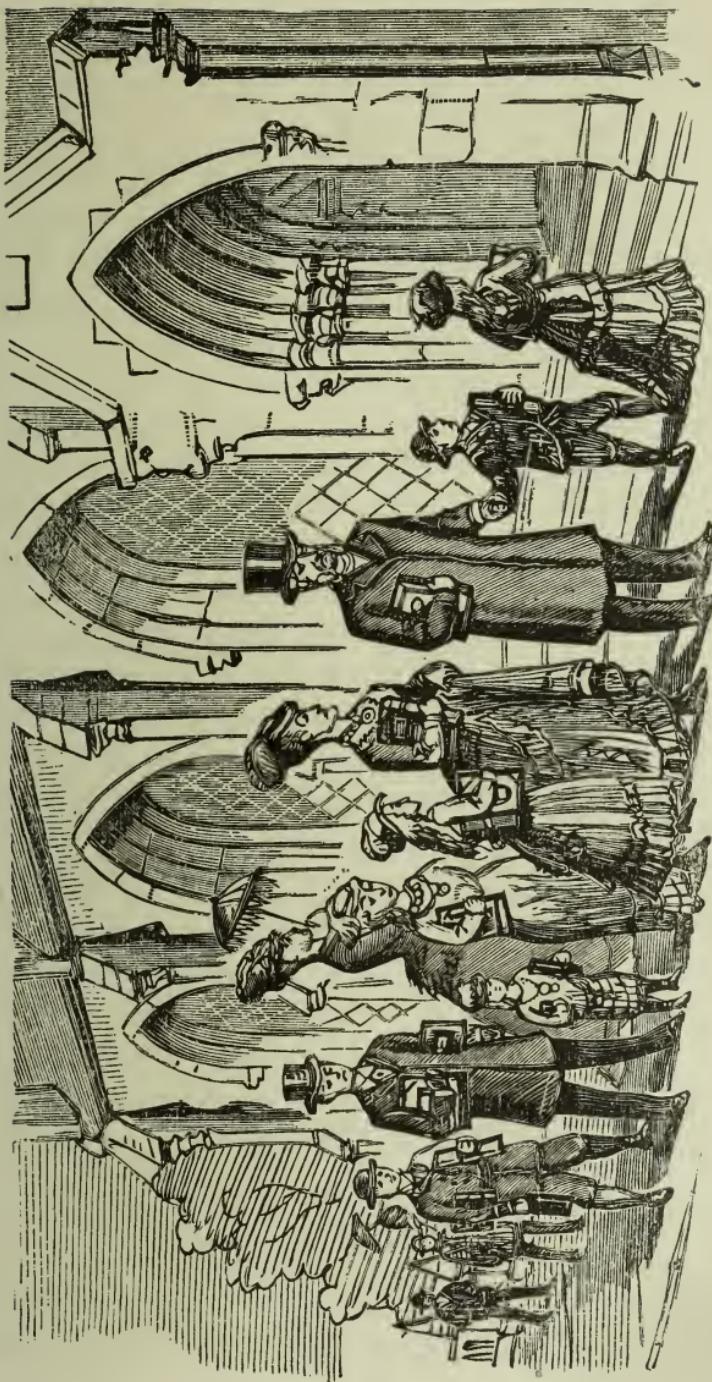
Longfellow.

Montreal claims, and certainly deserves, the title of the “ City of Churches.” There are more places and forms of worship, with less real Christianity, than can be found in any other city of its size on the American continent ; but some of them are really notable structures : the French Cathedral, situated in the centre of the city, is the most prominent ; its foundation was laid in the year 1671. The south-west tower contains the largest bell in America, weighing 29,400 lbs. The eastern window at the high altar is sixty-four feet in height by thirty-two in breadth, the body of the church is separated by shafts into five compartments, and subdivided by mullions into thirty-six divisions. The portal is formed by an arcade of three arches, on the top of which are placed statues, each arch being nineteen feet by forty-nine in height. The building itself will accommodate some 10,000 persons. The high altar is profusely decorated with gilt, color and statuary. There are some fifty-five other churches of all denominations, of which the Catholics own thirteen with the Cathedral : Bonsecours

church, church of the Gesu, St. Patrick's, the Bishop's church, St. James, St. Ann's, St. Peter's, Notre Dame des Anges, Notre Dame de Lourdes, St. Joseph, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Brigitte, General Hospital church, Notre Dame de Pitié, Hotel-Dieu church, and St. Mary's.

The Church of England has eight places of worship, whilst the Dissenters and Jews own the remaining thirty-five, but the reaching for the dollar is prominent at each, for when the stranger goes to inspect the building of Notre Dame and ascends one of the towers he is taxed the sum of twenty-five cents. So remunerative has this practice become that several thousand dollars are annually derived from the visits of stranger salone. The services on Sunday are usually largely attended, but here again spot cash or no religion is the cry, for each seat occupied the sum of five cents is charged, and, should some piously inclined poor find their way into this edifice, hoping to attain some consolation in their poverty, they are forced either to stand at the side of the doorways behind the congregation, or to kneel on the stone floor of the aisle whilst the services are being enacted ; but the faithful poor are happy in their ignorance, and submit to indignities and almost insults without a murmur on their part. The Jesuits have also located in considerable numbers in the city, and have a fine cathedral in which to worship, but, whilst criticising the blind and trustfully ignorant faith of the Catholic portion of the community, we cannot overlook the Protestants. Taken as a class, and including all denominations, they have by far the majority in point of numbers of Churches, within whose sacred precincts the Great Creator is popularly supposed to be served, and in which it is assumed he delights to dwell, there being no less than forty-three

THE SAINTLY.



Edifices from which the Reformed Faith is promulgated. On Sunday no sight is so edifying and delightful as to sit and watch the procession of the Saintly, meandering in groups to their favorite place where the Gospel is interpreted according to the ideas most suitable and acceptable to themselves, and the Almighty is cajoled and conciliated from a depraved and artificial standpoint. First comes paterfamilias, arrayed in his Sunday-go-to-meeting suit of black, with solemn mien, leading by the hand his youngest scion, then follows his wife and daughters, enveloped in their finery, and displaying jewellery and gewgaws like South Sea Islanders, followed by the other members of the family,—each of the crowd, from the old man himself, carrying in their hands a brass-bound, copper-fastened, gilt-edged, morocco-backed prayer-book or Bible, with the family name and number of the pew emblazoned in prominent gilt letters on the back, for fear, if the books were left in the sanctuary, that some poor thief might actually be tempted to steal "*the Word of God.*" Then follow the group as they ostentatiously march up the steps of a fashionable edifice, and slowly parade down the aisle to a comfortable, carpeted, cushioned and hassocked pew, for which the head of the family pays fifty dollars per annum ; notice the self-satisfied look upon the faces of these pious ones as they criticise in an undertone the appearance of strangers and their neighbors generally. Should a well-dressed stranger desire to take part in the service he is oftentimes shown to a seat, it being a matter of policy, for strangers generally contribute handsomely on the passing of the plate in the middle of each performance ; but, should an unfortunate or poorly dressed wight seek admittance, they are quickly informed that there

are no free seats in *this* church, so they must look for consolation to the little "church around the corner," where the seats are free. Then watch the gaily attired clerk of the works as he ascends with sanctified look and dignified tread to his perch in the pulpit, bows his pious head in silent prayer, arises and runs his jewelled fingers through his well-oiled locks and announces, in a voice full of affectation, "Bwetherin we will now sing to the pwaise and glowy of Gad," the fortwy thiwd hymn commencing with, "We'd plwace our sins;" — and the way the congregation respond show they are most anxious and very willing to place their sins anywhere where they will do the most good, and on any one who will volunteer to carry the load. Then listen to the effeminate exhortation, and the appeals for cash for the enlightenment of the heathen, the continual repetition that through Eve's temptation and Adam's fall, we were all justly entitled to a share of everlasting damnation. The responses by the people of "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners," whilst they are fully persuaded they are not half so bad as the poor trash over the way, brings to mind Holy Willie's prayer or the negro camp-meeting refrain :

" The sarpint he tempted the woman,
" An' de woman she tempted de man.
" If it had'nt a' been for the mussy of God,
" We'd all been dead an' damn."

Such hypocrisy may be appreciated by the special god who is thought to be served, but the Great Creator of the Universe must view with feelings of disgust the mock solemnity and affectation of a portion of the work of His own hands.

CHARITY.

Oh for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun.

If Montreal prides herself upon the appellation of the "City of Churches," she certainly also is deserving of the distinction of being the home and abode of the beggars, for where there is so much *profession* of religion and virtue, there is a consequent abundance of pauperism, immorality, vice and crime; for a land where the purest morals and strictest religion are *professed* is generally that which produces vice, and particularly the smaller vices, in greatest abundance. The portion of the States and the Dominion with most religious teachers, ruled by ministerial Justices and clerical law makers, are those that furnish the greater number of the *nymphs du pavé* to the cities on the continent, and even furnish a large supply to the capital of Cuba. From the same prolific soil spring most of the sharpers, quacks and cheating traders who disgrace their country's name. It is but the inexorable result of a pseudo-religion, outward observance, worship, Sabbath-keeping, and the various forms are engrafted in the mind; and thus, by complicating the *true* duties that man owes to his fellow-man, obscure or take precedence of them, the latter grow to be esteemed as only of a secondary importance, and are, consequently, neglected; and in these northern latitudes when a man becomes poor he rapidly descends lower and lower until his manhood and self-respect are entirely obliterated and the former *man* becomes on a plane with the brute creation. On the streets, at the doorways of the hotels, on the corner of the squares, on the steps of the various churches, and even in the shadow of the great Cathedral, the passer-by

is importuned in whining tones and with outstretched hand *to give*, for charity's sake. The number of men, women and children who have lost every particle of virtue and self-respect, in proportion to the size of the city, by far exceed the canaille of Paris or the Lazaroni of Naples itself. Many of these beings so lost to a sense of manhood and independence are strong and healthy, able, if properly employed, to be producers, and assist in benefiting the community by becoming good citizens and bearing a proportion of the expense of government. These beings, when spoken to regarding their state, often reply: "We, whilst at work, receive such a pittance from the hands of employers of labor that it is impossible to exist on the amount earned, therefore we would rather follow the practice of begging with all its abasement, and appeal to the charity of strangers for means of existence, than work for wages upon which we could do nothing but quietly starve," and there certainly is some reason attached to this assertion, for many a poor clerk who wears outwardly a semi-respectable appearance, and who labors in a large establishment, lives upon but two, and at times one meal a day, and even by such economy as this cannot make both ends meet at the termination of the month. Whilst in conversation with a merchant, this topic was alluded to, and the proposition suggested that some of the able-bodied laborers and starving clerks should be encouraged to cultivate a spirit of manhood and assisted to become independent by having some of the territory west donated to them, and the means necessary provided and loaned them to erect homes and dwellings for themselves, thus enabling them to become active producers instead of idle and comparatively vicious consumers,—when this merchant replied: "Oh, that is entirely against Canadian principle

and policy—we never loan; sometimes we may borrow, but we never loan to the poorer classes—*we give*—in order to note the prevalence of that charitable spirit of giving. I watched the actions of a number of well-to-do men who fondly delude themselves with that assertion, and found that on one Saturday, out of seventeen applications, an old woman received *one cent*, and still these persons thought they had done their whole duty, and on the Sunday reverently “thanked the Lord for His goodness,” and the profits they had accumulated in their business, as they would that others should do unto them; they were not even as zealous as old Uncle Daniel Drew who gave his note for a large amount to found and endow a religious university and college, and then considerably failed before the note came due, thereby proving that he had no hard feelings against religion.

“*Life is a jest,—and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.*”

Ben Jonson.

“I know my hide’s chock full of sin,
But I’ve fixed Old Pete, and he’ll let me in,
So rise up children, rise up in a crowd,
And shout and sing to de angels loud,
An’ shout an’ sing for de lan’ of de Blest,
’Case hell am hot as a hornet’s nest.”

If ever such infinitesimal souls reach the haven of rest and dwelling place of peace, it will only be by enacting the same strategy that Judge Waxem accomplished in approaching the Pearly Gates, and even after arrival they may meet with the same reception. As it may possibly be information for those who yet inhabit this mundane sphere, I will relate the experience: Judge Moses Aaron Waxem was a learned man of great renown, and hailed from Texas.

In course of time his earthly career was done, and his bones were gathered to his fathers, or planted on the *perarie*, but his spirit went wandering through the ethereal realms of space. Now the Judge was an honest man ; he never took anything whilst living that he could not carry away, neither did he appropriate anything his arms could not reach. He endowed a church, and freed his niggers when he could hold them no longer, and, like Harriet Beecher Stowe, got \$300 each from the National Government, and was well acquainted with the fact, before he departed, that there was a splendid climate for settling in, also one that was reputed to be red hot and still a-heating, —so, eschewing the latter, he attempted to make his way to the golden gates, but getting lost amidst the labyrinths of turnings, and the day being very warm, the Judge sat down under the shade of some beautiful trees to rest. Whilst refreshing himself in this manner the air became suddenly darkened, and a shade appeared who, from the description heard of whilst in the flesh, the Judge immediately recognized as his Satanic Majesty himself. “Halloo!” interrogated His Majesty ; “what is your name ? Where did you come from, and where are you going ?” “Well,” answered the Judge, “my name was Moses Aaron Waxem ; I’ve just come from Mexas, and I want to get up to them pearly gates.” “Oh ! oh ! !” replied His Majesty, “your name’s enough. I have old Mose and his brother long ago, and you’re my meat, so get ready, and come along.” “Well,” returned the Judge, “its pretty warm travelling just now, so sit down and make your miserable life happy until the cool of the evening, and then I will go along ; meanwhile,” he added, drawing forth a greasy pack of cards, “we will while away the time with a game of draw poker.” Well, they played a long while,

and His Majesty became interested. First, he bet the golden bosses off his horns, then the golden ring around his tail, then the silver shoes from off his hoofs, and finally some of the silver chains belonging to some of his favorite imps. At last His Majesty was dead broke, the old Judge winning every time. "Now," remarked he, "I will play you one more time, and if you beat me, then I will show you the road and put you on the right track to make the gates." They played another game and the Judge was again the winner, and the devil for once in his life acted square, and escorted the Mexian to within a short distance of the gates themselves; then telling him he was on the right track and could not miss the way His Majesty departed. Well, after a time, the Judge, tired and weary, arrived at the gates, and took a seat outside on a bench. Being all by himself, he commenced to watch the crowds going in. Old Father Pete with his long white beard reaching down to his knees, with his big bunch of keyssuspended from his girdle, was bustling around quite lively for a man so weighted with years and sorrows. First one company would approach. "Who are you?" was the question. "We are Catholics," replied the spokesman. "Well, go in that side gate," was the command. "Who are you?" was the query as another band approached. "We are Protestants," was the reply. "Go in the little door to the left, and sit down," was the instruction. Then a little band came up, and, in answer to the interrogatory, the reply was: "We don't belong to church, we are just Christians and try to help each other; that's all." With that the old man threw the gates wide open and said, "Walk in boys, and just ramble all over the whole blamed city if you want to." After the crowd had all entered, it being about closing time, Father Peter was about to lock the gates for the night, when he

espied the Judge sitting on the old bench and wistfully gazing through the panels of the gate. "Well," said he, "where do you come from?" "My name was Moses Aaron Waxem," replied the Judge. "I come from Mexas, and I want to get in." "Well, hold on till I look over the record," said the apostle ; then he commenced to hunt for the locality. He took down every book in the office and sent out for the old ones of former seasons. At last it got so late and so dark that Peter said, "I am sorry to tell you, Judge, but you will have to remain outside until the morning, for I believe that in order to let you in I shall have to *open a new set of books.*"

THE GREY NUNS AND THEIR MISSION. THE Y. M. C. A.

The preceding was written before I joined the Y. M. C. A., and as that institution and also the Grey Nuns accomplish a considerable amount of good in their sphere, they certainly deserve more than a passing notice.

Then, is there no hope ! except for the saintly ;
Is there no help, for the wild trailing vine,
Must the prodigal's voice in the distance die faintly
And Man in his misery curse the Divine.

The Grey Nunnery is situated on Guy street, occupying the entire block between Sherbrooke and Dorchester. The building was founded in 1642, and such a reputation has it obtained that thousands of strangers visit its wards and chapel each year. The plodding man of the world, the business man and others, whose thoughts are tied here below, experience such a relief on entering its portals that it is impossible to anticipate or describe. Although but through two pair of folding doors, the feeling comes over you that you are entirely shut out from the world, and begin to feel

at rest and peace. The transition is sudden, but it is complete. No longer are you gazed at with sharp, designing or calculating countenances ; no longer do you remember the rough crowding and jostling, the cutting remarks and treacherous actions, whilst drifting outside. Here all seems perfect quiet, and probably you feel for the first time a spirit of charity to all men rise within you. The faces you see and converse with are those of sympathising woman, and recall the countenance of a loving mother or a tender sister. The Nunnery, now under the care of Sister Reed, probably accomplishes more good in a quiet unheralded way than any similar institution in the Dominion.

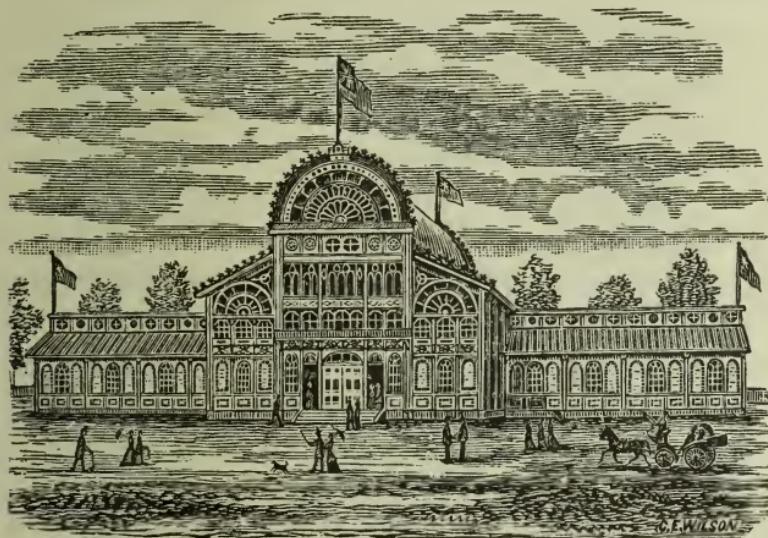
Alas for those who leave the track,
How few of the wandering souls turn back,
For eyes may weep and hearts be sore ;
But the silver lost is found no more.

The Y. M. C. A. have recently erected at one corner of Victoria Square a fine building in Gothic style, with large hall, reading room and library for the use of strangers, and have doubtless been of great benefit to young men, strangers and others, in order to reconcile them to their lot and the habits of the people they found themselves amongst. The institution was certainly needed, and the committee deserve great credit for the manner in which they have accomplished the undertaking, as also does the "Witness," an evening paper that has proved a useful, willing and powerful auxiliary. The rooms are under the charge of Mr. D. Budge, the efficient Secretary of the institution, a courteous, affable gentleman, who does all in his power to enable a moral young man to pass away a few spare hours pleasantly and agreeably.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

It is a matter of surmise to the visitor generally how the name of "McGrab" or McNab seemed to be so prominent and so continually quoted. From Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton, and possibly still further West, streets, buildings, wharves and avenues have been named to do him honor, and, like the Squeezems, the name is to be met with in all kinds of out-of-the-way places, and from a superficial glance it looks as if he had certainly "grabbed" all within reach ; but it seems he was a *real* canny Scotch chieftain, and brought the characteristics of his early education over with him ; there was no shoddy about McNab, for his father owned slaves (or rather a clan of his own), and he brought quite a number of them with him. On arrival, he received a grant of a Township on the bank of *Lake de Chats*, and at once proceeded to erect the castle of McNab, in order that in a new country he could follow feudal customs and the ancient traditions of his progenitors, and raid, pillage and subdue the communities around about, whilst, in case he was attacked, he would have a place to defend and sortie from. He for some years sold off the estate an immense quantity of pine timber, and having cash to his credit, at once became "tony." He visited the Provinces, and went through putting on style like a bondholder or a Western congressman. Dressed in full Highland costume, had his tail or guard to accompany him, with the piper and assistants preceding him, giving vent to those outlandish and soul-torturing strains so much reverenced and respected as bagpipe music amongst the rocks of Auld Scotia. He held himself a little king and imported his own chattels in the

way of laborers and fine Highland girls, meeting them upon their arrival at Quebec, but his power over the community at large in those old and superstitious days is lastingly marked by their efforts to do him honor, for at that time style position and bluff "took the cake."



THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

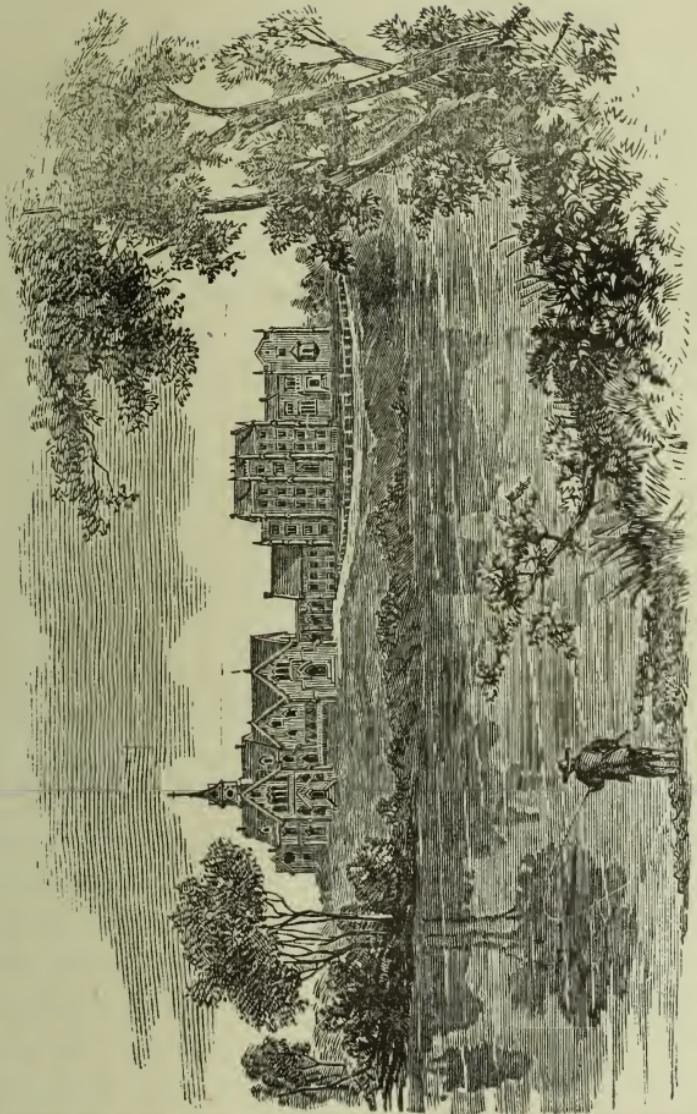
As the master, so the man,
Name me the judges, I'll tell you who gets the prize.

Local Paper.

There is one noticeable peculiarity about the people of Canada, and that is, if the citizens of one section of the country promulgate an idea, it is instantly seized by the people of the neighboring sections. As the individuals are suspicious and jealous of each other, so each province is animated by the same despicable spirit. The City of Hamilton, Ontario, announced her intention early in the season of holding an Exhibition in the fall, and invited the co-operation of the neighboring Provinces, to assist in making

the show a success. No sooner had this announcement gained publicity, than the city of Toronto went one better, and advertised an Exposition during the month of September, inviting the people both of Canada and the States to come, see, and participate. Shortly afterwards Montreal certified to the fact that she was going to hold a Grand Exposition, "Open to the World," and, finally, Halifax awoke and opened her show to the Universe and the entire oratory, and it is the working of Montreal that we shall deal with mostly. In the outset a Committee of Ways and Means had to be provided, for the promoters were not men who were inclined to risk a cent toward making a success out of the experiment—the *prestige* of their names was considered amply sufficient a portion to attract the public. So the newspaper men were duly convened, and the various "fat takes" were distributed amongst them: in the way of advertisements, etc., to insure their co-operation, and to assist in creating an enthusiasm amongst the people generally.

Having thus laid the foundation, the papers commenced with a will to proclaim the many advantages that would accrue to the city by holding an Exhibition within its limits, appealing by turns to the credulity, greed and rapacity of its merchants and citizens generally. Flaming posters, catalogues and prize lists were scattered far and wide over the province and neighboring States. Committees were organized to extract cash from the citizens and storekeepers generally, and the whole affair was under way. The grounds comprised some 35 acres, and already had one building on them, called the Crystal Palace, which, after being well shored and braced up to prevent its falling, was considered good enough to be the Main Building. The



SCENE ABOVE QUEBEC.

people themselves taking an active interest in the proposed show for a time, everything seemed to portend success and satisfaction. S. C. Stevenson, the Secretary of the Council of Arts and Manufactures, was appointed Secretary, and certainly worked well for the advancement of the interests of the Exhibition; but his hands were soon tied, and he was surrounded by a ravenous host of incompetents, whose relatives or friends had contributed something towards the furtherance of the object, and who brought such pressure to bear upon the Secretary that he was entirely unable to employ competent men, for most of those who had contributed to help along the expenses had done so with the express or implied understanding that they were either to have a place for themselves or their friends. The Exhibition was advertised to be open to the public on the 14th of September, but on that day, owing to incompetency of the officials in charge, nothing was in readiness even in the first building. Exhibitors (some of them at least) had their spaces given away to other parties, and at the last moment, when all was hurry, bustle and confusion, chaos reigned supreme, and the credulous public who paid their quarters were just so much out. Three days afterwards the great Manitoba Exhibit was displayed, and comprised some sage grass, a few sheafs of wheat, green tomatoes, sickly cabbages and half-grown beets, with the explanatory note that the vegetables were plucked before they were ripe. A few Indian wappings, old wigwams, snow-shoes, canoes, and a worn-out government ammunition waggon, were the attractions. The cattle and stock did not reach the grounds until the 20th inst., and the root and grain building was not open until that time. The formal opening did not take place until

the 21st, when the Governor General officiated. The Judges deserve great credit, and should now be quoted as experts. One, a butcher, who had never wet a line, was a judge of fishing tackle, and endeavoured to please all by awarding a prize to each exhibitor. A leather merchant was one of the judges of flour, and knew corn starch and pea meal were composed of the same ingredients. A farmer, who was one of the judges of race horses, awarded a prize to an animal because the owner was his neighbor, whilst two of the judges of wine (teetotalers) were earnestly endeavoring to convince the balance of their number that the "Volnay" and Moulin à Vent on Exhibition was a new-fangled style of whiskey, "they could tell by the smell."

Although the show was professedly open to the "*world*" one of the judges publicly expressed his determination of not looking at American goods at all, and at this remark some of the exhibitors became so disgusted as to remove their entire exhibit, and declined to show their goods, after all the expense they had entailed. So, taken all in all, the great Dominion Exhibition of 1880 was far from being the success it was anticipated it would be, and it is to be hoped that the managers of the next will be men who will disown every attempt at imposition, and whose aim will be not only to make the show a success, but to thoroughly satisfy and please the people who are attracted there, and who contribute to its support.

VENNOR, THE PROPHET.

"Vennor's kerrect agin, and I'll tell you how' twas," remarked a farmer journeying from Southampton: "Well, you see, I was looking in the almanax, and he said there was to be snow; well, pretty soon, she just came along, full

pelt. You see them drifts ? Well there is over sixteen feet in em, and on a level all you can see is the tops of the stakes and the ryder across, that means over seven feet snow. After that says I to the wife, ' Vennor says that we're going to have a cold spell, and I'll bet we git it,' says I, ' and I'm going to watch out,' so I took the Kermometer, and set her up on the porch. After a while the cold began to come along, and that durned thing marked lower and lower till it struck the last notch, and then bust the bottom and fell through onto the porch. Well, you know Chippewa Sam what works for me,—he come along in the morning, and thought he found a silver or gold button or something, and went to pick it up off'n the porch, and that little inside of the Kermometer burnt his two forefingers and his thumb off clean to the first joint before he could drap it. Cold ! well I should remark ; and it ain't overly warm now." Another gentleman well acquainted, and just from the West, said that the Prophet wuz an ould man who lived near Hell or Halifax or Quebec, or some of them places, and wuz in league wid another feller in the Rockies who had a kind uv a way of fixing up the weather by a kind of a proceeding between thimselves ; whilst another argued that he must be a kind of a Yankee feller, for he was mighty lucky sometimes. Therefore, having my curiosity aroused, and being in the city in which the Prophet now abides, I took an early opportunity to look him up. I met him, and my whitened beard dropped off with astonishment, my pale leathery cheek resumed its roseate hue, and thus rudely was another dream dispelled,—for the Prophet is as young as either you or I. Of course I asked him all his secrets, and how it was that he could forecast the changes of the weather with such accuracy so long ahead, but, instead of receiving the reply

I expected from such a sage—"Why you see that certain combustible elements having their consanguinity over certain elevated positions, whereby the storm cloud, forming an aqueous wave, lowers its impending influences over the subterraneous portions of the vasty deep, and consolidated vacuum is thus created, in the conglomerated mass of heterogeneous vapors, that constitute a storm centre, and accumulate in the substratum of the ether that surrounds this planet"—he simply and modestly said: "I do not claim any special merit for my prognostications—they are merely the result of study; and by steady appliance to the work in hand, with constant comparisons of other seasons, I have been enabled for some time ahead to forecast the probabilities of approaching seasons with a tolerable degree of success and accuracy, very satisfactory to both my friends and myself." Mr. Vennor claims that he makes a point of the following features, and maintains that, by proper application the changes in the weather may be foretold: the dryness or humidity of previous seasons, extremes of heat or cold, general direction of winds, time of commencement of spring and fall, with characteristics of mid-summer, aspect and intensity of first frosts, abundance or rarity of thunder storms, years of unusual meteoric displays, &c. Of course exactly how the Prophet does it is for the curious to find out, but no doubt many of our ambitious young men will be in the field, and prophesy with more or less degree of success, now that the *modus operandi* has been explained, but still there is room enough for all, and a little generally mixed-up weather won't do any harm, even if it does dampen the politicians and officials generally. The Prophet, although a great naturalist and an authority on "Our Birds of Prey," or the "Eagles, Hawks and Owls of Canada,"

is not to be fooled by the habits of animals or the flights of birds ; he considers them something like the promises of an M. P. or head of a department—generally speaking, very uncertain—but relies more especially on scientific knowledge and his own past experience. He also states that young men who are about to enter into the prophesying business should bear in mind that, to understand the weather, they must be out in it and live in it : not for an hour or a week or so but for a number of years, say twenty-five or fifty for the average young man, although a very ambitious youth might experiment in the back-yard in his shirt sleeves until it rained, when he would be in a position to amply verify the fact that the aqueous fluid was wet, and thus would one item of knowledge be gained—and so would a cold.

He publishes an almanac yearly which is now having a great run in the United States and Canada. In it each year he gives important hints to those who would be weatherwise, as well as his prophesies in detail for the year, as with other interesting and valuable matter.

RESORTS.

There are several places of interest in the City of Montreal, and within a short distance of its boundaries, that are well worth visiting :—The Court House, new City Hall, wharves, and Marché Bonsecours (the old City Hall and building first sighted on approaching from the river), which is the largest of the six markets that Montreal contains, whose total sales of farm produce amount yearly to \$525,000, of which amount the Marché Bonsecours sells some \$195,000, securing a revenue of \$25,000 in rents, against an expenditure of only \$3,700. The sales of fish at these markets are estimated to amount to \$193,000.

A sight regularly seen in summer time, and which generally impresses the visitor to the marché, is that of an old blind man in greasy attire, feeling his oats in the shape of extract of rye, extending his palm, and intoning in a husky voice, "I'm sweet little Buttercup, Dear little Buttercup, Buy of your Buttercup, buy." In the winter season all this is changed, the habitants, stand clothed in furs, shiveringly alongside their stalls, and, as the purchaser hurries along, he is accosted with *avez-vous besoin de quelque chose.* Upon the selection being pointed out from amongst a number of frozen blocks, which, when thawed, prove to be beef, pork or mutton, the butcher picks up his axe, and chops off a chunk like chopping stovewood ; but even his peaceful occupation is not unattended with danger, for a boardinghouse keeper had her eye knocked out by a butter splinter, whilst the sausages she was selecting fell down "kerchunk," stunning her so badly that it took fully two hours and a bottle of gin for her to recover. Milk here is sold by the yard, and the boys buy milk icicles like cent sticks of molasses candy, whilst birds and chickens might be used successfully as cannon balls during a winter's siege.

The Bon Pasteur nunnery, Hotel Dieu hospital, Church of the Gesu, are worth visiting. Mount Royal park and cemeteries are laid out on a rock which stands alone in the wide river plain, and is supposed to have been formed from the deposit of an immense iceberg stranded here some centuries ago whilst the surrounding country was overflowed by the sea. Foreign boulders are perched on the top of Montreal mountain, which itself is scored with glacial *stria*. Some of the authentic records are preserved in the museum, and recorded in books of authority ; others rest on personal observation, and they prove conclusively

that a greater part of this portion of the country was submerged during a glacial period; other records pertaining to this theory have value when thus supported. The cemeteries will amply repay the time spent in visiting them and noting the prevailing customs for interments. The Stations of the Cross in the Catholic portion (14 in number) comprise incidents in the Life of Christ until His crucifixion. A drive around the mountain and on the Lachine and Côte des Neiges road is most enjoyable. The drive runs directly along the banks of the river, presenting fine scenery along the entire route, and, should the proper hour be selected, the visitor may enjoy his opportunity of watching the descent of the steamer over the rapids.

A good way for the venturesome to obtain a view of the descent would be to procure a skiff or canoe at the Victoria Bridge in Montreal and pull up the river to the foot of the rapids anchoring under the lee of Pelican island, will present to the beholder a most pleasing sight and one that will amply repay for the labor expended in the row upstream.

Point Claire, 14 miles, and Ste. Annes, 18 miles from Montreal, are two charming places of summer resort, easy of access to and from the city. At Point Claire there are quite a number of cottages, which are always filled at the commencement of each season. Belœil or Mont St. Hilaire is within a couple of hours' ride from the city, and affords a pleasant Sunday's recreation from the toil of the week.

A short distance above Ste. Annes the dark waters of the Ottawa River join those of the St. Lawrence, and, like the gulf stream in the Atlantic, although they run side by side, they never mingle until over the rapids. The Ottawa River, like the St. Lawrence, has both its legends and romances, of which I note one, from "Maple Leaves."

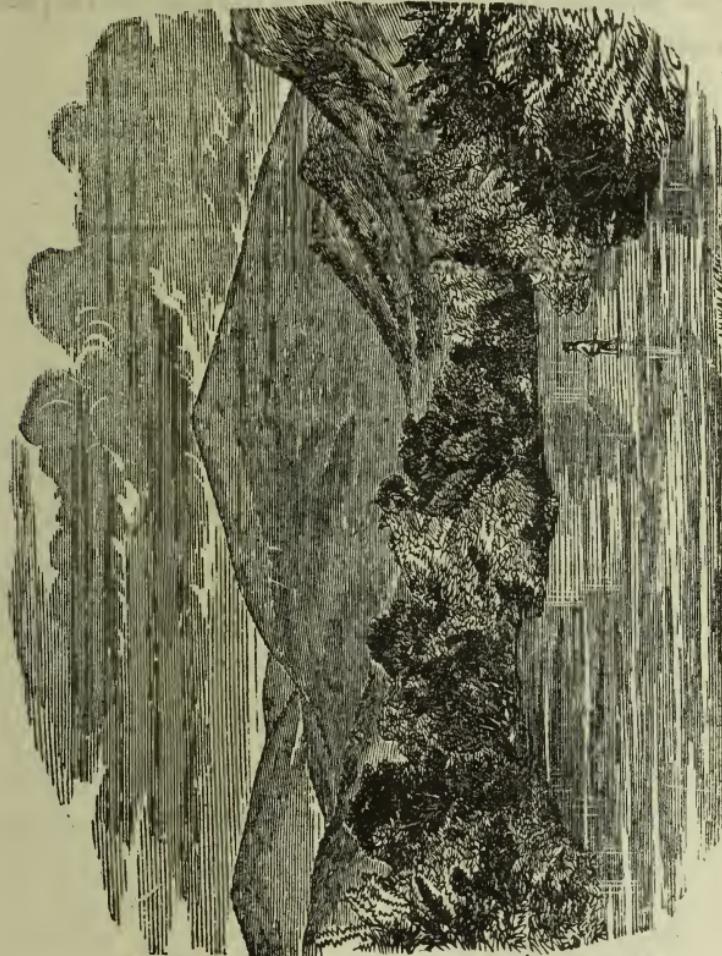
THE GRAVE OF CADIEUX.

In ascending the Ottawa river one has to stop at the rock of the High Mountain situated in the middle of the Portage of the Seven Chutes, at the foot of the Island of the *Grand Culumet*—it is there lies Cadieux's tomb, surrounded by a wooden railing. Each time canoes pass the little rock the old voyageur relates to his younger companions the fate of the brave interpreter. Cadieux was a roving interpreter, brave, poetical, and of a romantic turn of mind, and was often employed by both the government and missionaries to interpret the various Indian dialects. He generally spent the summer, hunting and in winter would purchase furs for the traders. After a winter thus passed by Cadieux at the portage, where he and the other families had their wigwams, it was decided in May to wait for other Indian tribes who had furs for sale, and then all were to come to Montreal. Profound peace was supposed at the time to exist in the settlements. All of a sudden, one day a young Indian, roaming about close to the rapids, got up quite a scare by rushing back out of breath and shouting, *Nathaouè ! Nathaouè !! the Iroquois ! the Iroquois !!* There was in reality below the rapids of the Seven Falls, a party of Iroquois warriors who had been christianized, and were then waiting to levy toll, and appropriate the canoes that generally descended at that season loaded with skins. Only one chance of escape presented itself to the minds of the affrighted ones, and that was to attempt to bring the canoe through the rapids, a project that had previously been considered hopeless. It was also thought necessary to station some parties in the woods, in order, by

firing, to draw off the attention of the Iroquois from the desperate attempt to run the rapids, and thus prevent pursuit. Cadieux, being the ablest and most resolute, chose a young Algonquin warrior to accompany him in this perilous service ; and it was agreed that when the interpreter and his comrade should have succeeded to inveigle the Iroquois into the woods, they would try a circuitous route and attempt to join their friends, who also were to send after them should they be too long absent. Cadieux and the young warrior started for the Iroquois encampment, agreeing that the sign for the canoes to break cover and start on their fearful race would be the firing of their guns. Soon the report of fire-arms was heard in the distance, and was followed by three or four others in quick succession. On went the frail birch canoes amidst the foam and rocks, flying like sea-birds over the boiling caldron. It was verily a race for life, the extraordinary and superhuman skill of the Redskins alone saving them from death in a thousand shapes. "I saw nothing during our passage over the rapids," said Cadieux's wife, a pious woman, "but the form of a *tall lady in white*, hovering over the canoes, and showing us the way." They had invoked St. Anne, the patron saint of the mariner. The canoes escaped with safety, and arrived at the Lake of Two Mountains, but it was not ascertained until some time after, from the Iroquois themselves, what had become of Cadieux and his devoted follower. It seems that Cadieux had quietly watched for the Iroquois at the portage, placing himself about an acre from his colleague, to allow the Iroquois to penetrate to the centre of the portage ; he then quietly waited for the death-yell of one of them shot by his helpmate, and then fired with unerring aim. The war-

whoop resounded, and the Iroquois, fancying they were attacked by a large party of the enemy, separated, and charged in different directions. It was supposed the young Algonquin fell in attempting to join Cadieux. For three days the aborigines searched the woods in order to find traces of the encampment, never thinking the enemy had attempted to descend the rapids ; for three days and nights they searched for Cadieux and those were sleepless times for the white man. Foiled in their object they returned to their canoes. Several days then elapsed, and, as no tidings of Cadieux came, a party was formed and sent to scour the woods : traces of the Iroquois were unmistakable, and indications of Cadieux's presence were found. At the *Portage des Sept Chutes* they noticed a small hut of branches which, apparently, had been abandoned ; they passed it without search and continued their route, under the impression that Cadieux might have been compelled to ascend the Ottawa, and take refuge with the Indians of the Island. Two days later, the thirteenth after the skirmish, they noticed on repassing the hut, a small cross, at the head of a fresh grave on the surface. In it was found the corpse of Cadieux, half covered with green branches, his hands, clasping a sheet of birch bark (on which he had considerably written his own dirge), were laid over his chest. The opinion was, on reading the inscription on the bark, that exhaustion, hunger and anxiety, had produced on the interpreter a species of hallucination called "*la folie de bois.*" He had doubtless lived on wild fruit and berries, not daring to light a fire, for fear of betraying his place of concealment. He had been growing weaker daily, and, when the relief party had passed the hut two days previously he had recognized them as friends, but the sudden joy at a

prospect of a speedy deliverance had been so great that it made him speechless and inanimate. Seeing his last hope vanish as they passed him, and feeling his strength failing, he scribbled his adieux to the living, and then prepared his



MOUNTAIN SCENE.

last resting-place. This done, and the cross erected, he laid himself down for the sleep of death. Before laying down to rest he embodied in verse his own dirge; this *chaunt* by its simplicity is very attractive, being an expression of his

feelings to the objects which surround him, and his own regret for quitting life, closing by an invocation to the Virgin Mary. The bark on which the death-song was written was afterwards brought to the post of the Lake of the Two Mountains. The *voyageurs* have set it to a plaintive melody, and it runs thus :

“ Petit rocher de la Haute montagne,
Je viens finir ici cette campagne.
Ah ! doux échos ; entendez mes soupirs,
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir.

Petits oiseaux, vos douces harmonies,
Quand vous chantez me rattachent à la vie ;
Ah ! si j'avais des ailes comme vous,
Je serais heureux avant qu'il fut deux jours.

Seul en ces bois, que j'ai eu de soucies
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis ;
Je demandais : Hélas ! sont-ils noyés ?
Les Iroquois les auraient-ils tués ? (finale)

Un de ces jours, que m'étant éloigné
En revenant je vis une tuméée
Je me suis dit. Ah ! Grand Dieu, qu'est ceci
Les Iroquois m'ont-ils pris mon logis.

Je me suis mis en père à l'embuscade
Afin de voir se c'était embuscade
Alors je vis trois visages français
M'ont mis le cœur d'une trop grande joie.

Mes genoux plient, ma faible voix s'arrête
Je tombe.... Hélas ! à partir ils s'apprêtent.
Je reste seul.... Pas un qui me console
Quand la mort vient par un si grande désole.

Un loup hurlant vient près de ma cabane
Vour si mon feu n'avait plus de boucane,
Je lui ai dit : Retire-toi d'ici,
Car, par ma foi, je percerai ton habit.

Un noir corbeau volant à là aventure
 Vient se percher tout près de ma toiture
 Je lui ai dit : mangeur de chair humaine
 Va-t'en chercher autre viande que mienne ;

Va-t'en là bas, dans ces bois et marais,
 Tu trouveras plusieurs corps Iroquois :
 Tu trouveras des chairs, aussi des os ;
 Va-t'en plus loin, laisse moi en repos.

Rossignolet, va dire à ma maîtresse
 A mes enfants qu'un adieu je leur laisse
 Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi
 Et désormais faut renoncer à moi.

C'est donc ici que le monde m' abandonne,
 Mais j'ai secours en vous, Sauveur des hommes !
 Tres-Sainte Vierge, ah ! m' abandonnez pas,
 Permettez-moi de mourir entre vos bras !

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

Still further up the Ottawa River to l'Orignal, thence eight miles by waggon-road, and we arrive at the far-famed Caledonia Springs, noted from the earliest settlement of the country. It was these Springs, formerly called "New-henee," that were spoken of by the untutored Gaspé Indians in terms of adoration and reverence to Jacques Cartier, upon his arrival at their camp, as the "life waters;" and still further upon the Captain General's arrival at Quebec, the chief Donaona urged him forward to the Springs, whilst, in the midst of winter, his crew and comrades were suffering death and were the victims of disease, ice-locked on board their ships in the St. Croix River. It was amid the forests of this country that the Indian tribes placed their dead, and the young warriors brought the ailing and decrepid of their nation to partake of the healing waters,

and once more obtain the strength that was supposed to be gone for ever. It is to these same life-giving waters that many of the robust men of our present time owe the exuberance of their feelings and their strength. Once a trackless wild and hard of access, now a most popular place of resort. A magnificent hotel is erected near their site ; a village occupies the grounds that were formerly a forest entangled by undergrowth ; beautiful cottages now adorn the swards that were once encumbered by wigwam and squatters' tents, until, to-day, that which was a wilderness now blossoms as the rose, and what was once a barren waste is now almost a second Eden. There are three springs in the village, and all are the property of the proprietors of the hotel, who, to benefit the entire community, have spared no expense to form a comfortable residence for all who may seek its waters, either in pursuit of health or merely for a summer's recreation. The Carbonated or Gas Spring discharges some four gallons per minute ; this spring is far more effectual in its results than the waters of Europe—the gas evolved being carburetted hydrogen, three hundred cubic inches per minute, pleasantly saline to the taste, and its reaction distinctly alkaline.

The Saline Spring, which is distant from the Gas Spring about 130 feet, is the one most generally sought for. It was this spring that, during the terrible epidemic of the year 1856-7, was accredited with restoring to normal health the afflicted sufferers, both white and red, that camped about its waters. Its characteristics are slightly saline, evolving a small quantity of carburetted hydrogen, whilst its reaction is more strongly alkaline than the Gas Spring.

The White Sulphur Spring arises but a few feet from the Saline, discharges about four gallons per minute, is

feeble sulphurous in both taste and odor. The efficacy of this spring in rheumatic and other affections is well attested, and the cures in proportion rival by far those of the famous German waters or the Hot Springs of Arkansas. The analysis comprising scientific figures, with which I will not bother the reader, therefore he cannot doubt their accuracy, comprise chloride of sodium, potassium, bromide of sodium, carbonate of lime, soda, magnesia, iron, iodide of sodium, sulphate of soda, potash, alumina, silica and carbonic acid. No well regulated visitor passing through this section of the country should fail to visit these Springs, and to carry away with him a proportion of that robust health that is here generally lying around loose, awaiting applicants from the busy, bustling world without. These Springs maintain the same flow and temperature at all seasons of the year, and the slightest change in their component parts has not been discovered since the Springs passed into the hands of the white settlers, but the season is short, extending but from the 1st June to 1st October.

LEGENDS OF THE OTTAWA.

The memories of the trip either up or down the Ottawa river is fraught with pleasing reminiscences: hardly a hill or headland that comes in sight but at one time was the scene of some of those fierce conflicts that were continually occurring between the Indians and the early French settlers. These legends, whether of victory or defeat, are invariably celebrated in song or verse. The attack on Daulac and his sixteen followers, by the Indians, in May, 1660, is made the subject of a delightful poem by Geo. Murray, which is well worth obtaining, and is of considerable length, although interesting throughout. A portion of the

legend as rendered by Geo. Martin appears in "The Heroes of Ville Marie." The Indians had boasted that they would wipe the French from the face of the earth, and carry the white girls to their villages. Adam Daulac, or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man, twenty-two years of age, fiery and impetuous, who had arrived in the colony some three years previous. Without enquiring to find out where the grievance of the Indians was located, he collected sixteen followers, whom he bound by an oath to help exterminate the Indians. They pledged themselves to neither give nor ask quarter; they then made their wills, confessed, and received the Sacraments, and started on their murderous errand, and erected a fort or stockade some fifty miles up the Ottawa river. The Indians had heard of their arrival and their determination, so they assembled in council, and decided that the invaders should perish. Their decision and subsequent attack on the French is thus described :

THE HEROES OF VILLE MARIE, MAY, 1660.

The doom is proclaimed ! 'twas the Sachems that spoke,
And, rising, the calumet fiercely they broke ;
The war-dance is danced, and the war-song is sung,
And the warriors, full painted, their weapons have slung.

Each armed with his arquebuse, hatchet and knife,
How they hunger and thirst for the barbarous strife !
They have said it : *The Frenchman shall sleep with the slain,*
Maid, matron and babe—not a soul shall remain !

They have spoken, those braves of the Iroquois league,
Renowned for fierce courage and shrewdest intrigue.
Through the "Ottawa's" forest like panthers they tread,
As if stepping already o'er the pale-visaged dead.

Adam Dollard, defender of fair Ville Marie,
Has pondered and prayed o'er the savage decree,



THE ATTACK ON THE REDOUBT.

And a desperate purpose is stamped on his brow,
And no one can slacken his ultimate vow,

There are some—Oh how few!—in the bloom of their years,
Who have listened and pledged him and trampled their fears;
With hot hearts as brave as their sabres are keen,
They are mustered around him—his gallant *sixteen*!

In a ready Redoubt, as by Providence meant,
They hastily fashion their evergreen tent,
And here, in the forest, where “Uttawa’s” flows,
They prepare for the speedy descent of their foes.

Hark! near, and still nearer, yell answers to yell,
All the forest is peopled with spectres of hell!
Not a tree but now looks as if changed to a fiend,
Not a rock but behind it a demon is screened.

From the loop-holed Redoubt their first volley they pour,
And Mohawks and Senecas sink in their gore;
From musket and huge musketoon they have seen,
And heard—that our heroes count just *seventeen*.

Then dire is the rage of the shame-smitten crew,
When they find that the Pale-faces number so few;
Again and again comes the stormy attack,
And still, like pierced griffins, the pagans fall back.

Day and night, night and day, till the tenth set of the sun,
No trophy the maddened assailants have won,
Though their fleet-footed runners have hurried from far,
Half a thousand tried allies—their whirlwinds of war.

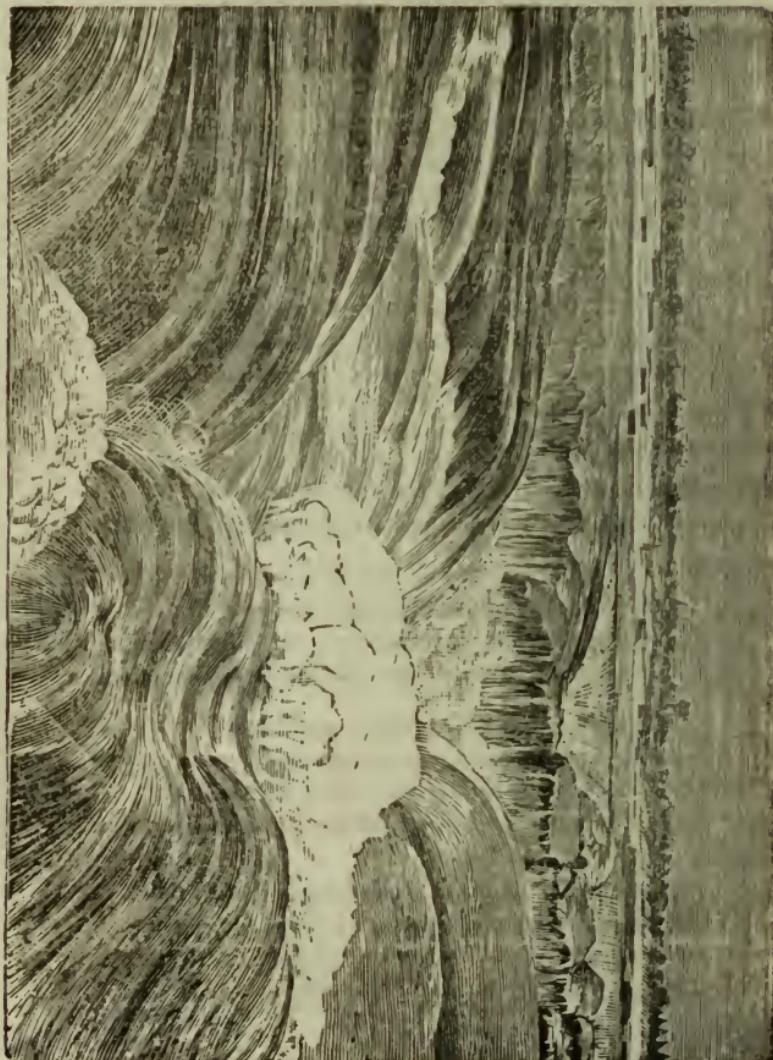
Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas, are there,
Some howling for vengeance, some wild with despair;
Once again, with a hurricane rush and a shout,
Like a deluge of lightning, they storm the Redoubt.

In a moment, 'tis over! flash blending with flash,
As sword-blades and tomahawks bloodily clash;
“*Vive le Canada*,” Dollard exultingly cried,
Then, with cross to his lips, like a martyr he died.

And his faithful companions, his chivalrous band,
With their gallant young captain, passed out of the land.
Draw a veil, pallid muse, o'er the finishing scene,
And crown with fresh garlands the brave seventeen.

* * * * *

Several poems commemorative of stirring scenes on the Ottawa and its banks are published by John Dougall & Sons, Montreal.



CHAUDIERE FALLS.

Returning once more, we again call at Pointe Claire, so charmingly situated, and seemingly so quiet and peaceful, just the place for the lovers of aquatic sport and quiet contemplation and retirement—and visit its Beaconsfield vineyards, where the grape is claimed to be most successfully cultivated, and, from specimens seen and tested at the vineyards of Messrs. Gallagher & Gauthier, it is our belief that the Province of Quebec will in time become able to raise enough grapes for its home consumption, and being the coming industry of the province will no doubt in the near future be able to supply the wants of the Dominion.

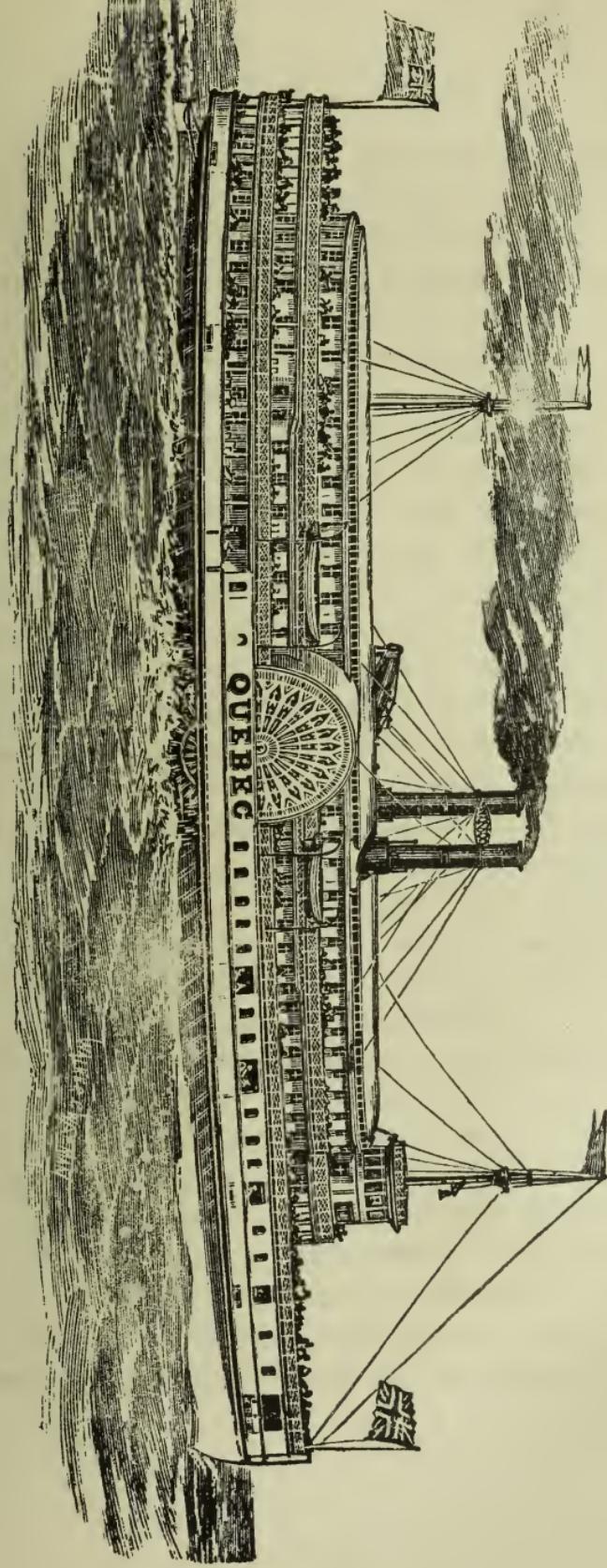
Once more running the Lachine rapids, we again arrive at Montreal, and in the evening take the boat for Quebec—distance by river some 180 miles. The steamer "Quebec," under the command of Capt. Robt. Nelson, is certainly, so far as the captain can control matters, a very pleasant boat to travel on, but no doubt the company will find it to their advantage to have an equally courteous corps of officers, so that summer travellers, when detailing their reminiscences, will remember not only the affable, jolly and obliging captain and gentlemanly officers, but the courteous clerk, who wields such a power for weal or woe whilst the traveller is on his boat.

The steamer makes stoppages at Sorel and again at Three Rivers, one of the oldest settled towns in Canada, having been founded in the year 1618, and was formerly the seat of government of the French Governor. From Trois Rivières to Quebec, the scenery from the river is beautiful and grand; the eye never becomes weary of gazing on the ever-changing and varied aspects of the banks St. Lawrence. The hills and hillocks, many of them replete with historical interest, the cosy little French towns and their clean white

cottages along the banks, are tastefully laid out and admirably situated, and during the summer seem to nestle in a forest of verdure ; but once ashore, and the dream is soon dispelled, for, with the exception of a narrow strip of bottom land along the St. Lawrence, we find the country at the back of the hills barren, generally unproductive, and unfit either for agriculture or mining purposes—like the Dead Sea fruit, pleasant to the eye, but ashes in the grasp. Soon we pass Cap Rouge, and shortly come in sight of the citadel-crowned Cape Diamond, and a few moments later we are landed in the quaint old city of Quebec.

On arrival at the ancient city the stranger somehow feels that he is on historical ground and amid old associations. It was here the adventurous Jacques Cartier, after planting a cross at Gaspé and ascending the St. Lawrence, passing in safety the gloomy gorge of the Saguenay, that he wintered during the winter of 1535–6, in the river St. Charles, by him called St. Croix. The panorama that greeted the bold navigator on his first appearance at the foot of Cape Diamond is thus described : “ A mighty promontory, rugged and bare, thrust its scarped front into the surging current. Here, clothed in the majesty of solitude, breathing the stern poetry of the wilderness, arose the cliffs now rich with heroic memories, where the fiery Count Frontenac cast defiance at his foes, where Wolfe, Montcalm and Montgomery fell,—as yet all was a nameless barbarism, and a cluster of wigwams held the site of the rock-built city of Quebec. Its name was Stadacona, and it owned the sway of the Royal Donacona. But Cartier and his adventurers were soon besieged by the rigors of a Canadian winter, the rocks, the shores, the pine trees, the solid floor of the river, all alike were blanketed in snow ; the drifts rose far

ST. LAWRENCE STEAMER.



above the sides of their ships, and a frosty armor four inches thick encased the bulwarks, and, to make matters worse, the scurvy broke out amongst the crew, and numbers of them died, leaving but a few in health. At last the terrible winter broke up, and Cartier and his comrades, having had enough of Canada for one season, and feeling considerably homesick, took the first opportunity to return, in order to give the other boys a chance to explore, so, after setting his men to gather a number of crystals, which he fondly imagined were diamonds, and also collecting a quantity of glittering mica, that he thought gold, he stole or kidnapped the two Indian chiefs, Tuigarny and Donacona, with their effects, to exhibit on his arrival as specimens of the natural productions of "New France," as Canada was then called, planted the emblem of Christianity, and sailed away, arriving under the walls of St. Malo, 16th July, 1536. Regarding Donacona and his Tribesmen so basely kidnapped by Cartier, excellent care had been taken of their souls, as also of their furs and other trappings, which were taken for their passage across. In due time they had both been baptised, and soon reaped the benefit of the rite, since they both died within a year or two, to the great detriment of the next expedition.

The next explorer, in the person of Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, a nobleman of Picardy, came in state with the following honors attached (on parchment): Lord of Norembega, Viceroy and Lieut. General in Canada, Hocheлага, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, the Great Bay, and Baccalaos. He also got a good cash grant from the French Treasury, with which he equipped five vessels, and to Cartier was given the post of Captain General, and a divy of the spoils. On again arriving at

Quebec the savages anxiously enquired for their kidnapped chiefs, then the nobleman, like Jeremiah of old, was diplomatic, and lied like a trooper, telling the savages that, although Donacona was dead, the others had married in France, and were living in state like great lords. This season, like the first, was a hard one on these pioneers. In the year 1542 Roberval, with three ships and two hundred colonists, made the first attempt at settlement on the heights of Cap Rouge; here all the colonists were housed under one roof, like one of the experimental communities of recent days, officers, soldiers, nobles, artisans, laborers and convicts, with the women and children with whom lay the future of New France. This first attempt at a settlement soon proved a failure, and the Canadian annals from 1542 to 1608 offer a perfect blank, no Europeans having remained behind. On the 3rd of July, 1608, a group of French artificers, 28 in number, under the command of Captain Samuel de Champlain, were engaged (on the site where 82 years afterwards, in 1690, was built, to commemorate a French victory, the church of *Notre Dame de la Victoire*) in the construction of an "habitation," and thus laid the foundation of the future "city of Quebec." They next proceeded to clear lands for gardens, and, although suffering terrible hardships during their first winters, soon obtained a substantial foothold. In the following spring the colony was augmented by *Marias* and *Pontgravé* with a number of new settlers. In 1615 the Recollet Fathers, members of the order of St. Francis, arrived at Quebec. In 1616 the peltry trade with the savages had assumed considerable proportions, and the gains from that trade served to erect substantial dwellings and churches. The colony thus founded continued to flourish until the year 1689, when



MONTMORENCI IN WINTER.

a Frenchman named DeCallier originated a daring plan, in which he proposed that France should make herself mistress of New York and Virginia by purchase, treaty or force, offering to conduct, in order to effect the desired result, thirteen hundred soldiers and three hundred Canadians to Fort Orange on the Hudson and Manhattan (New York), in order to capture those posts by sudden assault. The conquest, he argued, would make the King of France master of one of the finest seaports in America, open at all seasons to navigation of all kinds, and of a region possessing a fine climate and fertile lands, which the English themselves had conquered from the "Dutch." The French King and his ministers approved of the plans submitted, and the breaking out of the war between France and England shortly afterwards prepared for the city of Champlain the thrilling scenes which were afterwards enacted in Quebec upon the return of Count de Frontenac in 1689. The year following a Quebecer named de Portneuf started with 50 French Canadians and 60 Indians to attack and capture the stations on the Bay of Casco, near where Portland, Maine, now stands, which stations surrendered after a slight resistance. The scenes of blood, midnight pillage and destruction by the Montreal band at Schenectady and by the Three Rivers band at Salmon Falls, with the barbarism and atrocities committed by the Quebec band and their Indian allies, have already passed into history, and led to a terrible retaliation by the English, who, after a series of disastrous defeats and few victories, succeeded in capturing the City of Quebec after the decisive battle on the Plains of Abraham on the 13th September, 1759, a victory which cost the lives of the victorious Wolfe and the gallant, brave but vanquished Marquis de Montcalm, thus bringing the city under Eng-

lish rule. For a while afterwards the bitterness of feeling between the French and English speaking communities entirely placed a barrier to the progress of the city, but as the younger generations grew up, and a new population poured in, new suburbs were added, and now the city comprises Quebec within, Quebec without, Lower Town, St. Rochs and St. Sauveur, and numbers about 40,000 people, Quebec within being entirely walled in—a city within a fortress. The public buildings are numerous and substantial, and along the St. Louis, St. Johns and Montmorenci roads are many residences and mansions that will contrast favorably with those on the outskirts of London itself. The citizens generally are sociable and democratic in their tendencies, and are certainly, taken as a body, the most conscientious of any in the Dominion ; they have several institutions of benefit to the community, such as the Museums, Historical Society, Hospital, also a Y. M. C. A. Rooms and various Catholic religious institutions. The shipping business is but of short duration, the season lasting but from May until the middle of November, and consists almost exclusively of the export of timber and logs, in which an immense trade is transacted every season. The monetary value of the exports of lumber from Quebec alone during the season of 1880 amounted to \$900,000. Churches, both Catholic and Protestant, are very numerous in the city and suburbs, and to judge from appearances the people are very religious, for from five o'clock a. m. about every fifteen minutes during the day the incessant ringing, clanging and tolling of bells is enough to drive the stranger to distraction. It left the impression that the people are very remiss in their religious duties, or else very deaf and forgetful, to be constantly in need of such reminders. It was my privi-

lege, whilst in this city, to see a party planted in style under the auspices and according to the rules of the English Cathedral. In the State in which I was raised the planting is done mighty quiet like, but here it was a different thing entirely. A surveyor, a Government official had recently handed in his checks away up in the woods somewhere, and when his relatives got hold of his carcass they resolved to give him a good send-off, so they published the fact of his demise, and it was soon rumored around that he was a Government official and very rich, so the citizens turned out in force as if for a gala day : women and children in their best, lined the streets, and stood and clambered around the palings of the Cathedral, and occasionally a young Miss would murmur, " Ma, just isn't it lovely ? " and Ma would respond, " Perfectly elegant, dear ; and such fine weather too." About the time the crowds were thickest around the church the strains of music were heard in the distance, and soon a band at the head of the procession appeared lending quite a charm to the proceedings, and putting the spectators in excellent good humor. The procession consisted of quite a number of men in their Sunday black with stove-pipe hats, and sashes of various colors either hung over their shoulders or tied around their waists, beating anything seen lately even in electioneering for Governor ; then the wagon containing the *departed*, and following came hacks, traps and drays, in fact it was quite a wholesale turn out. As they approached the gates the band ceased, and the crowds made way right and left for the candidate ; then six of the boys, with new gloves and long sashes, unlocked the door and hauled the lately *translated* out feet foremost, and as they went up the steps were met by the two clerks in white gowns with black hoods, and those two were in such a

hurry to earn their ten spot apiece that they commenced to read the documents before the man's feet were on a level with the doorway. As soon as they ended the procession formed again, the band struck up a lively tune, and hurried him up to the boneyard and planted him in style. It was the generally expressed opinion of the crowd that it was the best and most stylish send-off they had seen in six months, and, as a gentleman remarked, "When Quebec takes a notion to do a thing up handsome she can you may rely," and each of the throng wished he was a Government official and rich, so that some time he might give his friends such a treat. We also availed ourselves of the opportunity to witness the celebration at the Hotel Dieu on the first Friday in October, the anniversary of "Le Crucifix outrage," occasion for which impressive ceremonies was brought about as follows. The inscription of the day was the cabalistic letters "I. N. R. I."—*Jesus Nazarenus Rex Iudeorum*. In the year 1742 one of the soldiers belonging to the garrison at the citadel, in order to acquire either fame or cash, or perhaps both, played off as a sorcerer, and of course was looked upon with superstitious awe by his comrades and the natives generally. Finding that he had got a fair start, he obtained a good-sized crucifix, and covered the cross and figure with tar and feathers, coal oil or some other inflammable material, placed it in a conspicuous position in the market place and set it on fire, pretending, whilst reading passages of Scripture and incantations, to be working his diabolical arts. The mob started with horror at his audacity, and the priests cried sacrilege, so of course the soldier was promptly arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to make public reparation, and afterwards to serve three years in the galleys for his short-lived notoriety. So

he was led by the public executioner with a cord around his neck, bare-headed and bare-footed, wearing only a long shirt, and having a placard on his breast and back on which was inscribed the legend, "Desecrator of Holy things," *Profanateur des choses Saintes*; he was then marched in front of the parish church in Montreal, and being thrown upon his knees he made the *amende honorable* to God, to the King and to justice for profaning the image of Jesus Christ; he was then taken to each cross-road and there publicly scourged, after which castigation he was placed in prison, and finally sent to France to work out his sentence, all of which punishment he calculated and endured, preferring the galleys of "*La Belle*" France to a residence in Quebec. In consequence of the act of this soldier, the Pope ordered that public veneration of the relic should occur on the first Friday in each October, so that if that old vagabond of a soldier happens to be drifting around in the spirit, and enters the Hotel Dieu during these ceremonies, he will thank his lucky stars that he is not again in the flesh on such occasions.

In Quebec riches and poverty, virtue and vice, are strangely commingled within its narrow limits. Wealth that has been hoarded for generations is lavishly displayed and selfishly enjoyed by the residents of the roads without the old city, whilst within sight and almost within hearing in the suburb of St. Sauveur the poverty is abject; and to such a state of degradation have some of the denizens descended, through the workings of inequitable laws and impositions for over a century, that no vice has become too vicious for them to practice. Many of the inhabitants of this locality are in such a state of destitution that they are unable to appear in the streets

in daylight, owing to the miserable state of the so-named garments they wrap closely around their emaciated forms. Such things are not only tolerated, but considered only natural, by the aristocratic members of the F. F. Q.'s. St. Sauveur is not in a heathen land, but a suburb of a wealthy city in the enlightened nineteenth century, and in a Christian country. Where are the philanthropists and self-sacrificing missionaries? Here certainly is a fruitful field for them to labor in for the sake of the Master; but no matter, these poor ignorant trash are "*white*" and sinful.

Opposite to the city of Quebec is Point Levis, a town of some 10,000 inhabitants, and terminus of the Grand Trunk Railroad. It is here the emigrants are landed on arrival in the Dominion, and from this point the cattle are shipped on the outward-bound steamers. The point was named after a French Jew, Henri De Levis, Duc de Vendadour, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of the Israelite Jacob (who beat his brother on the blessing and pottage question), and who was just as ready to swindle his brethren as that hoary-headed old Patriarch. The historian informs us that in a chapel belonging to the family a painting was exposed representing the Holy Virgin and a member of the Levi family, with his hat in his hand. Two inscriptions explained the scene. "Couvrez vous, ma cousine," said the Virgin. "C'est mon plaisir, ma cousine," replied the descendant of Levi. Like the Jews of old and the present, the Levis seemed to have grabbed for all within reach, and at one time owned the most considerable portion of the entire town.

EMIGRANTS.

I've left Ballamonah a long way behind me,
To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea;
But I am sadly alone, not a creature to mind me;
Ochone, I'm as wretched as dwretched can be.

On arrival of the vessels containing those who, to better their fortunes in a new country, have cast adrift all old associations, and trust to being received kindly by the stranger, who held out such inducement as to cause them to break up their little homes and trust entirely to the guidance and leadership of those authorities who induced them to try their fortune in Canada, the ships are boarded by the paid agents of the Governments of Quebec, Ontario, and those of the Dominion to meet the new comer, and each advise the bewildered emigrant of the multitudinous advantages to be derived from a settlement in the section he represents; they load the family with printed matter, books, maps, &c., and all of which, with the easy facilities (amply demonstrated) shown of amassing wealth, the emigrant believes to be true. These paid agents generally are men who, having failed in everything else, are thus provided for, either from political motives or because service must be rewarded. Fluent and glib-tongued, they discant much on a few and exceptional persons, who, under exceptional circumstances, have attained to success or what they call success, but they omit to state that this "success" has been slowly and painfully struggled to at the sacrifice of nearly all which makes life desirable. They ignore the hundreds and thousands who, after years of toil, privation, and penury, have succumbed under the burden of disappointment and wretchedness, or have wandered in droves to the States. They profess to describe Backwoods life—many of them never having been resident anywhere save in a town—but they do not tell their dupes of mosquitoes, blackflies, and other nearly intolerable insect scourges, or of bad roads, or the total absence of roads and stores, or of deep snow and deeper drifts, of "blizzards" from Novem-

ber until April, or of the solitude and monotony of the backwoodsman's life, or of the tremendous toil connected with the clearing of forest land, which toil is severer probably, than any other work in the world, or of the mortgaging of the little farm that took the entire summer to acquire, in order to obtain existence during the long winter. They fill their hearers' imagination with the notion, so captivating to Englishmen, that of abundant game, ignoring the fact that nothing strikes the newcomer more than the utter solitude and silence of the woods, and the miles and miles one may go without seeing a living animal save a chit-mouse or squirrel. They tell of one and a quarter dollars but omit to mention high rents, scarce and dear fuel, dear clothing, and long interruption of work in the winter. They descant and speak of demand for labor in the rural districts, but keep in the background the fact that such limited and temporary demand as exists is caused by a continuous yearly exodus of migration of farmers' sons and laborers (amounting, during the month of September alone, 1880, to 135,000), wearied out with long hours and the trying and onerous conditions of farm work in Canada. They are silent about the sweltering summer heat, over 100 degrees in the shade, under which a man wants half a bucket of water a day, and is still a prey to thirst. They dabble in mean temperatures to induce people to believe that the climatic conditions in England and Canada are not strikingly diverse, although they know that a Canadian winter is severe and protracted beyond an Englishman's conception until he experiences it ; and that frost bites, involving the amputation of limbs, and freezings to death, are as common as chimneys on fire, and excite as little public interest. They tell of abundant



SCENE BELOW QUEBEC

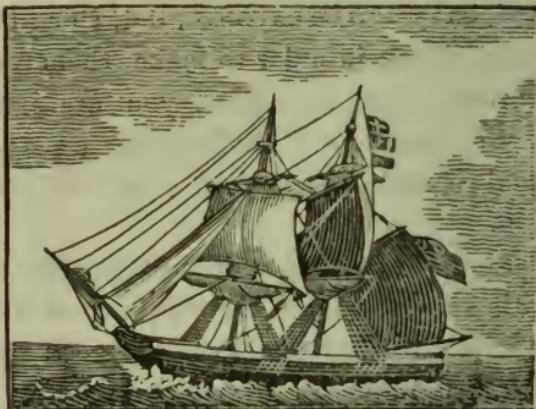
work on railroads through back districts, but do not explain that it is work only for a time, work, too, entirely different from that in a settled country, and those who perform it have to live in extemporized wooden or log "shanties," in hordes of sixty or one hundred, fed and lodged like swine, and comprising the roughest class from all nations. The many ways in which the new-comer is fleeced, and the apathy with which the railroads and other companies look on and see it done, with the knowledge that their employees throw every obstacle in the way of the stranger, in order to prevent him from obtaining redress, where wrong has been inflicted, has yet to be exposed ; but, should you mention these impositions in order to make them public, and thus to prevent them in future, you are immediately assailed by the press for "libelling the country" out of deliberate malice, and thus endeavor to hold you up to public odium.

Notwithstanding what has been written, the climate of Canada, with all its winter hardships, is a remarkably healthy one, whilst to the tiller of the soil, good arable lands are to be obtained in any of the provinces East in small farms, but from Ontario West, in acres broad enough to suit the longest purse, whilst timber lands can be purchased by the mile instead of by the acre.

ST. LAWRENCE LEGENDS.

Below Cape Désespoir is a treacherous ledge called Red Island Reef, formerly an object of dread to all inbound vessels. One of the first who suffered from its presence was Emery de Caen, who in 1629 got his vessel aground on the reef whilst attempting to weather Pointe aux Allouettes. A singular disaster and shipwreck occurred in Sep-

tember, 1846, that of the brigantine "Gaspé Packet." The vessel was owned and commanded by a Capt. Brulotte, an eccentric old sea dog, who for forty years had scanned every creek and shore from Gaspé to Quebec. He was a good seaman and a careful navigator, and was also master of a perverse habit of swearing at his crew on any and every occasion; it was stated that when anything "riled the old man" he would stand on the quarter deck and "cuss" a blue streak, until the peak and throat halyards both gave way, and sometimes he would storin and



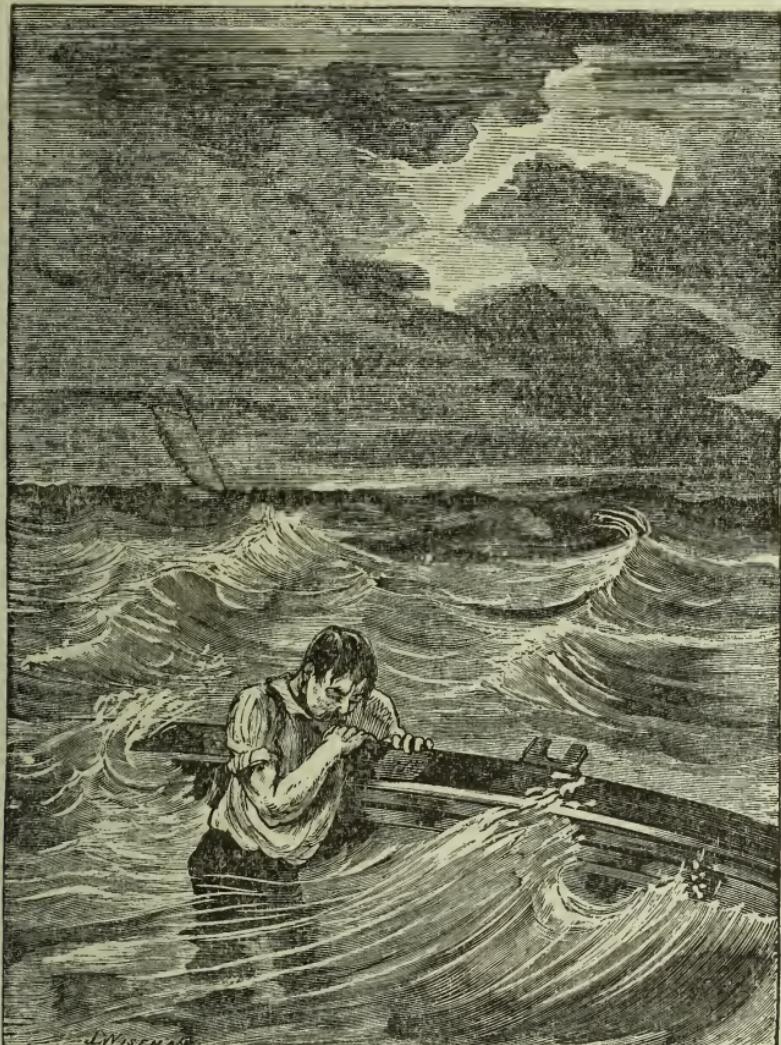
GASPE PACKET.

rave so much as to loosen the main backstay, and for hours afterwards the smell of brimstone could be plainly discerned by those whose duty called them aft. The Captain himself was an enthusiast, he believed in the principles of Neil Dow, and enforced them most rigorously amongst his crew. It was an affecting sight, and one to be remembered, to see this old pirate, on a winter's night, when the rigging was stiff with ice, with beaming countenance, clad in his overcoats and oilskins, with two or three second mates nips of real old stingo underneath his vest, stationed

by the galley door, with a kettle of hot tea, dishing it out by the dipperful to poor shivering Jack as he came down from aloft, almost benumbed from shortening sail on a winter's night, and who would tremblingly remark that it was a d——d poor apology for seven water grog ; and, after ministering to the wants of his sailors, the good-natured captain would return to his cabin, take a "nightcap," and then "turn in." As a consequence of the enforcement of cold water principles amongst his crew, and of destroying the grog himself, he was continually changing his men, and those who were continually fed upon such diet had neither nerve nor courage, but were composed chiefly of the most ignorant and superstitious class. So one day he shipped a fresh crew of hands, and left Percé with a full cargo. A brisk easterly wind, gradually freshening into a gale, made the old brigantine bowl the knots off lively. It was the 20th of September, and the equinox was not far off, for the wind continued to increase. The mate on passing Percé Rock had noticed the wild fowl clustering and screaming as the old brigantine scudded by, and he observed to the captain that it was a sure pressage of the coming storm. The gale increasing, it soon became necessary to shorten sail ; the mainsail and foretopsail were double reefed accordingly, and things were made as snug as possible. The night was dark, but it being a following wind, it was merely necessary to head the vessel for Quebec, and it was calculated forty-eight hours more would see her at her berth. A drizzling rain soon set in, and unmistakable signs of the coming storm were observed ; drifting clouds and the piercing cry of the petrel bade the old mariner beware—it was the equinoctial gale, which came howling over the great deep. Soon the sharp voice of the commander was heard ordering

one of his tea-fed sailors to go out on the bowsprit, and clew down some of the tackle and canvas that had worked loose: after some fruitless efforts the sailor came aboard, and stated he could not perform his task on account of the violence of the wind.

The venerable skipper "cussed" him for a while, and ordering him to take the wheel went forward to make all snug himself. Whilst so engaged, and bending over the bowsprit, the brig took a green sea clean to her foremast and the next minute the skipper was seen on the crest of a billow, uttering loud cries for help. The "Gaspé Packet" was hove to, and an attempt made to lower a boat, but it was swamped and broke adrift. Carried onward by the storm went the old brigantine, leaving her commander to his fate, and soon despair seemed to take possession of the minds of all on board, for old "Brulette" had ever been the soul and ruler of the "Gaspé Packet," always being able to enforce his commands either by an oath or a belying pin, and the Jacks knew him so well that they never thought or stopped to think for themselves. The mate was so awe-struck by the catastrophe as to well-nigh loose his reason. He retired helplessly to the cabin to pray: a sailor was placed at the wheel, and once more the vessel headed for Quebec. In addition to being well grounded in Brulette's temperance principles, his crew were very superstitious, and totally devoid of that self-reliance and nautical knowledge for which the Canadian caboteurs are so conspicuous, for no sooner had darkness set in on the troubled waters than down came the steersman, and at his heels the cook, vowing by all that was sacred that a black object, which they were certain was the captain's ghost, had passed over the brig. One sailor alone, who had brought his own grog



SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

aboard in his chest, seems to have been free from these vain fears, but he was a new hand and not familiar with the coast ; he was bewildered by the rain and darkness, and allowed the "Gaspé Packet" to take her own course, merely keeping her head straight. Some time had thus passed, during which the vessel had shipped some heavy seas, which swept the deck and poured profusely into the cabin, where the mate and the rest of the crew were engaged in prayer, when, without a moment's warning, a terrific crash was heard, and the foremast went by the board, the vessel had struck on Red Island Reef, the roar of the surf and the dim outline of the land soon revealed that fact. At this moment the slight hope which still lingered in the breasts of the crew seemed to have fled. The brig had not been stranded many moments when a huge wave inundated the cabin ; the intrepid steersman rushed below, and heard the voices of his shipmates begging him to join in a vow to *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, the patron saint of the mariners. Some of the affrighted hands even went so far as to promise their next year's wages, which they could safely do now that the skipper was gone, but the Sainte was not to be conciliated, and had evidently heard such promises before, for she refused to help or even aid them for less than *spot cash* ; so whatever the brave seaman thought at that moment of the Sainte, he evidently considered it his duty to do his utmost to help himself, and knowing the vessel would go to pieces in a few minutes, he seized one of the hatches, lashed himself to it, and watching for a coming wave he dived over the side of the ship. He drifted with the ebb and back again with the flood tide the whole night, and was picked up in the morning near the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and he alone of the entire crew of the "Gaspé Packet" escaped to tell the tale of terror and shipwreck.

THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

The Saguenay, one of the largest tributaries, enters the St. Lawrence river six miles below Tadousac, 115 miles from Quebec. The river is the outlet of Lake St. John, and is some 140 miles in length, an excellent stream for ship navigation, and vessels of the largest size ascend the entire distance. The stream itself is a grim, gloomy and peculiar one; its rough and uncouth surroundings, together with its eternal gloom, seem to impress the visitor with wonder and amazement, and make him wish he was home. Once seen few care to gaze upon its beauties again. The ascent of the river is made almost in stillness, only the monotonous splash, splash of the steamer's paddles, with the hoarse escape of steam ever and anon, re-echoing amidst the savage wilderness, seems but to make the silence more impressive. Nature itself seems wearied out, and cast her huge bare cliffs around promiscuously, with hardly an effort to cover their cold, bleak and desolate sides with the scantiest verdure; and it is with a sigh of relief that the traveller emerges from its sullen gloom. It is wild without the least variety, and grand even in its solitude and seeming desolation, whilst so dreary and monotonous becomes the constant gazing on towering black walls of rock that any change to thoughts savoring of life is eagerly grasped. Over 300 years ago Jacques Cartier landed at its mouth and rested at Tadousac, and the first mention we have of the Saguenay is one which well befits its savage aspect, for Cartier sent a boat and crew to explore its rocky chasm, which were never more heard of (he was a wise man was Cartier, and did not believe in doing himself what others could do for him). At the mouth of the river the water varies in depth from fifty to seventy-five feet,

but once between its walls of rock the depth is never less than 500 feet, sometimes as high as 750 feet. On either side, at a distance of about a mile, the cliffs rise up straight, dark, and weather-scarred, varying in perpendicular from 1,200 feet to 1,600 feet,—such is its character from its source until it joins the St. Lawrence. On the right bank the cliffs are poorly mantled here and there with stunted pines and scrub timber, but on the left there is scarcely a sign of life or verdure, and the rocks stick up bare and rugged in the gloomy atmosphere like the bones of an old world after a terrible volcanic disturbance. Lake St. John, the head water of the river, is some forty miles in length fringed with heavy timber and a level sandy country. Its waters are clear, and contain numbers of small fish, eleven rivers flow into the lake, and yet it has but the one outlet for its immense body of water.

There is a curtain fall of some two hundred and thirty-six feet called by the Indians "Oueat Chouan," flowing into the lake, and so conspicuous as to be visible for some miles distant; there are several towns along the Saguenay, and from which large quantities of timber are annually exported. A few miles below the southern fall in the river is Chicoutimi, which is the head of tide water, and to which point vessels of the largest class ascend for lumber, Ha! Ha! Bay, some sixty miles from the St. Lawrence, is a fine spread of water after emerging from the gorge of the Lower Saguenay; it is said the name was given to the bay, in an ecstasy of delight by a party of explorers, who were astonished to find open water after such dismal realities. At two places, St. Marguerite and between Capes Trinity and Eternity, where smaller tributaries help swell the deep black stream, a breach occurs in the wall of rocks

as if some giant hand had torn them forcibly back and left them strewn and baffled of their power, in uncouth lumps over the valleys beyond, but these are the only openings, from the silent gloom of this dead river. Than these two dreadful headlands nothing can be imagined more grand or impressive : the rugged character of the river is partly softened, and bears an aspect akin to the canons of the Sierra Nevada in freshet time ; the land wears a look of life and wild luxuriance which, though not rich, seems so in comparison with the previous awful barrenness. Cape Trinity is thickly clothed with fir and beech, mingled in a color contrast, which is pleasant and attractive to the eye, especially when the rocks show out amongst them with their little cascades and waterfalls like strips of silver shining in the sun. But Cape Eternity is the very reverse of this, and well becomes its name. It is one tremendous cliff of limestone, more than 1,500 feet high, and inclining forward more than 200 feet, and seeming as if at any moment it would fall down and overwhelm the deep black stream which flows so cold, deep and motionless below. Companionship becomes a necessity in a solitude like that encountered on the Saguenay, if only to relieve the mind of the feeling of loneliness and desolation that seems to oppress all who venture up this stern, grim, watery chasm, for the idea of mirth abroad seems like a schoolboy's idea of fun in a grave-yard at midnight.

Statue Point is another attraction where at about 1,000 feet above the water a huge rough gothic arch gives entrance to a cave. Before the entrance to this black aperture a gigantic rock once stood ; some winters ago it gave way, and the monstrous block of granite came crashing through the ice of the Saguenay, and left bare to view the entrance

to the cabin it had guarded, perhaps for ages. The Tableau Rock is a cliff of dark limestone, some 600 feet high by 300 wide, straight and almost as smooth as a mirror. At different points of the ascent steam is shut off, and the best views presented to the traveller, and plenty of time is allowed by the captain for a thorough study of the various aspects of the scenery. In times past the Marguerite and other tributaries, together with the Saguenay, bore an excellent reputation for salmon fishing, but in this respect these rivers are becoming beautifully less each succeeding year: all the really productive streams where fishing is a sport, or even can be made a pastime, are leased to private parties or individuals, so that the enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton who expects to find good fishing along the rivers of Lower Canada will return considerably enlightened with regard to Canadian fishing. At Tadousac the Government have one of their fish-breeding establishments, and it is said there are so many officials who have to be supplied, and so many friends in Parliament who watch with interest the venture, that it takes all the larger size fish to supply the want of those who advocate the institution. The small fry from one inch to an inch and a half long are turned adrift at the mouths of the rivers to which they are consigned, where they at once become food for sea-trout, king-fishers, ducks, gulls, &c. This is now the sixth year that these fish-breeding operations have been established, and it is estimated that for every full-grown salmon distributed to the rivers it must have cost the Government some \$75 each fish. One thing is certain, and to which fishermen and habitants all agree in opinion, that, since the Government has taken to making laws and regulations as to fish and fishing, the fishing has been getting

worse. An Indian was asked if he could give any reason for the gradual decrease of salmon in the Saguenay district, and his reply was: "They try make salmon at Tadousac—God not like that, salmon not like that, salmon go away." In ten days fishing on the "Marguerite" five salmon were seen in and out of the water, and each with the unmistakable mark of the net around its neck; therefore the best way to go salmon fishing on these rivers is to go to sleep or read and smoke and hire an Indian to capture or catch you the fish needed. The sea-trout fishing in the Saguenay district is getting worse and worse every year. The Bergeronne is mostly reserved by the Government for the *preservation* of sea-trout, so by the time the habitants and the Government net have closed their operations there are but few left to be either preserved or destroyed.

LE GENIE DE L'ILE PERCE.

There are several delightful legends connected with the Saguenay and the Lower St. Lawrence published at Quebec, and in the French language, that will amply repay the time and labor spent in their translation. *L'Ornithologie du Canada, Soirées Canadiennes, Historical Works of Marmette, and Maple Leaves*, by Dr. Le Moine, are all very entertaining.

L'ISLET AU MASSACRE.

Not far from Bic Harbor there lies a small island to which there is attached quite an interesting legend. For over 200 years it has been known as l'Islet au Massacre. Tradition and history furnish the details of the scene of blood by which it gained its name. It is related that some 200



LE GENIE DE L'ISLE PERCÈ.

Micmac Indians, being about to remove further up the country to better hunting-grounds and more peaceful neighbors, camped on this island for the night, lit their fires in a cavern amid the rocks, and placed therein their wives and children. Apparently no place could be better adapted for their safety and security from outside foes, the cavern reaching some distance back in the lofty rocks which bound the coast. The canoes were drawn high up on the beach, their evening meal was ended, the pipe of peace indulged in, stories were related of the spoils of the chase further west, and at last, wearied and tired, in fancied peace and security, these warriors with their wives and children were sound in profound slumber, quietly awaiting the return of the morrow's sun to resume their journey. The Micmacs slept, but their lynx-eyed enemies, the Iroquois, were wide awake, and had scented out their prey. Silently approaching the Island, in their birch bark canoes, they came, until a considerable number were congregated to compass the destruction of the slumbering foe. Parties were dispatched in all directions, and came back laden, with birch bark, faggots, and other light and combustible materials, and, when all was prepared and in readiness, the Iroquois noiselessly surrounded the cavern and piled the faggots high above its mouth, whilst the sleepers were still dreaming inside. They then applied the torch, and gave their double yell, their fiendish and well-known war-whoop. In terror the Micmacs awoke and seized their arms, resolving to sell their lives dearly, and to defend to the last their squaws and loved ones, but the scorching flames and suffocating heat leave them but one alternative, that of rushing out from their lurking place, it was their only mode of escape from

death most horrible. Wild despair nerved their hearts, and with one desperate resolve men, women and children crowd through the narrow passage amidst the scorching flames, but the human hyenas are on the watch, and as the terror-stricken ones rush forth a shower of poisoned arrows mow them down. The Iroquois warrior gloating on his victory flourishes his tomahawk with a yell of triumph and deadly hate, and soon the silence of death pervades the narrow abode. The time from the attack until morning was then spent by the victors in securing the trophies—the scalps of their victims, and history mentions that but five out of the whole company of two hundred escaped with their lives. This dark deed, still vivid by tradition, is often made the subject of remark by the Restigouche settlers, and until a few decades ago the blanched and mouldering bones of the Micmacs could be seen strewn over the grotto. This deed is mentioned in Jacques Cartier's Second Voyage, Ch. IX., and is the subject of a legend in the *Soirées Canadiennes*.

The student of psychology whilst rambling on the islands of the lower St. Lawrence, or up the silent Saguenay, will meet with numberless places where deeds of darkness were perpetrated in such modes as to still chain the restless wandering spirit to the things of earth and its wild abode, whilst here no doubt those disturbed and restless spirits are still meandering about the places from whence they departed, and are possibly endeavoring by all the means within their power to make known through some medium in *rapport* with themselves the terrible history of the deeds of their time. Many are the tales told by sailors and others, which, although laughed at, cannot be scientifically or reasonably explained away—the various apparitions of restless spirits that still

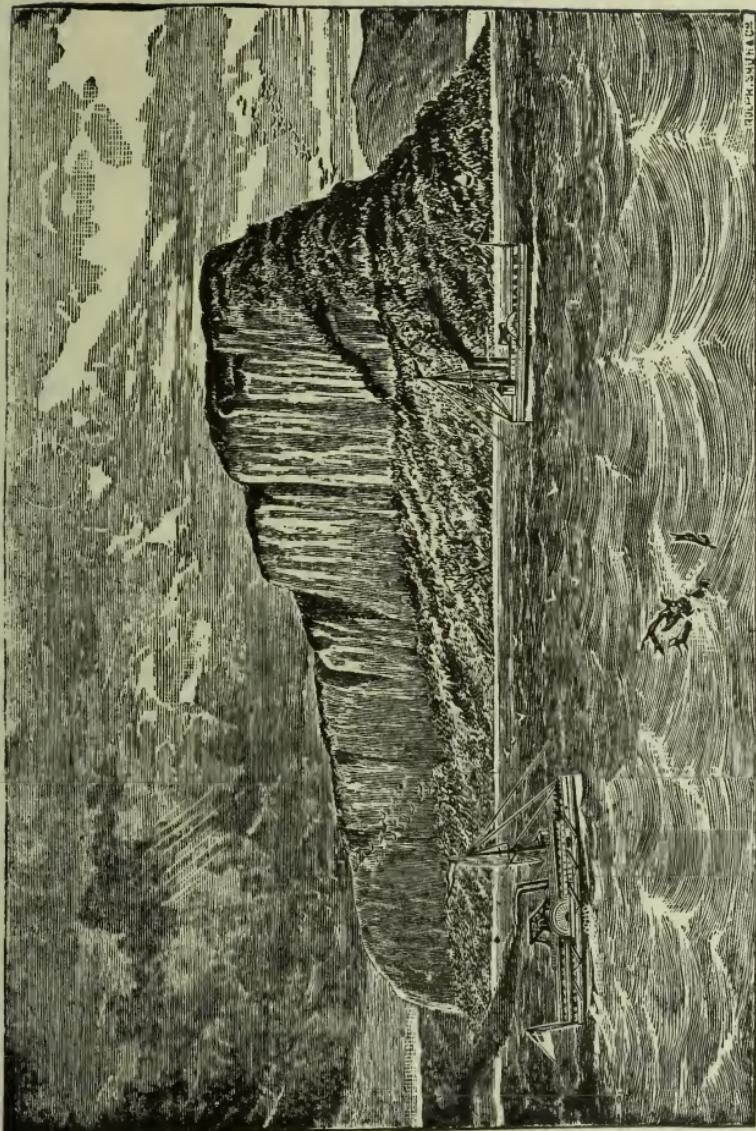
linger or visit those gloomy rocks, and of the plaintive sounds and doleful cries uttered by the *Braillard de la Magdeleine*, so that the secrets so long silent may yet be revealed to those who are sufficiently versed with the workings of the so-called supernatural to pursue and hold converse with the troubled spirits who have gone before.

FISHING, AND WHERE TO FISH.

To those who have enjoyed the delights of the luscious "*Pompino*" of Florida waters, or the *Spanish* mackerel, bass, or sheepshead of the Gulph Stream, the enjoyment of fishing in fresh water is but the desire and sport of catching them, for the fish of these fresh-water lakes and rivers seem flat and insipid to the taste when cooked in comparison with the finny tribes caught south of Lat. 35° N. However, during the summer months, when parties are roaming all over the Domonion, there is a delight in organizing a small party, and either fishing on the lakes or camping and fishing on the rivers of the Lower Provinces, so I attempt, therefore, to show the entire route with the fish to be taken at each point. In Lake Superior the neighborhood of the Manitoulin Islands affords good sport, besides famous camping grounds. Steamers pass constantly, so that even a short sojourn can be made very health-giving and pleasant. Down Lake Huron, Southampton is a favorite resort, and, should you be content with pickerel, herring and white fish, sport in plenty can be obtained. Living is cheap and hotels are numerous, whilst the Island and St. Lambert light but a mile away make a pleasant ground for recreation and picnic parties. Near the lake at Southampton there is a fine spring of water strongly impregnated with iron and salts, so that for the weak and debilitated there

is life in the waters, whether you drink them or use them for bathing. For those who like to stroll by themselves, they can wander up the Saugeen river, which empties into Lake Huron at this point, and thus acquire practice in handling the rod. Both the Lakes of Huron and Superior are noted for the high winds that prevail during the summer season, so that, although fresh and bracing, novices should not trust themselves too far from the shores without an experienced hand to manage their boat. Forty-five miles south from Northampton lies the town of Kincardine, well situated on rising ground. Here also plenty of lake fishing can be enjoyed at a nominal cost, whilst means of access to the cities are both by boat and rail. Goderich, the next town along the borders of the Lake, is a regular summer resort, and is usually well patronized with visitors. Here are fine views, good drives, and a nice park for promenades, so that fishing, although once in a while an hour or two is devoted to its delights, still, time is generally occupied in a less profitable but presumably more pleasant manner. It is rumored by some of the oldest settlers that time was when game, wild fowl, deer, bear, etc., etc., were plentiful from here to Owen Sound, but it seems they anticipated Uncle Horace's advice and went west toward the setting sun before the arrival of those settlers. At Sarnia and Port Huron, on the American side, pleasant enjoyment can be had, whilst the sail down the river and through Lake St. Clair can be made the subject of many a delightful reminiscence. Thence down the St. Clair river to Windsor or Detroit and into Lake Erie. From Pelee Island down, the same class of fishing is obtained *ad nauseam*—white fish, bass, pickerel and herring. Then from Fort Erie through the new canal to St. Catharines, and take a quiet week's rest

THUNDER CAPE—LAKE SUPERIOR.



at the little town of Niagara. Here you find yourself with pleasant, quiet, hospitable people on both shores. A quiet, lazy life you pass here, catching herring if you do not care to leave the dock, or lolling in your boat and trolling for magnificent black fish and bass on the shoals off the old Fort Niagara. Tiring of this you take steamer or cars to Kingston, and amongst the Thousand Islands from Kingston to Prescott, or on the other side to Alexandria Bay, you will find ample sport to repay for all trouble or expenditure, whilst the scenery and surroundings are beautiful during the spring, summer and fall. Should, however, you tire of the cunning muskalonge, the voracious pike, the speckled trout, or the heavy bass, just take the steamer at any point on the shore, run the rapids, and in a few hours you land in Montreal, then re-ship on either the "Quebec" or "Montreal," and next morning you are landed in Quebec. However, should you wish to stop *en route*, there is both good gunning and fishing near Sorel or Trois-Rivières (Three Rivers); but on arrival at Quebec you find yourself at the best starting-point for fishing east or north-east for parties in quest of salmon or sea-trout or other game fish at once worthy of the aspirations of the experienced angler. The green, black or striped bar fish, pickerel, perch and shad are fish that give capital sport, whilst their flesh is firm and well-flavored. Lake St. Joseph, Lake of Seven Islands, and others within a few miles of Lake St. Joseph, and others but a short distance from Quebec, such as Clear Lake, and its neighbors Lake Jaune, Lake Bonny, Lake St. Charles and Lake Beauport, are good fishing grounds for lake-trout, brook-trout and black bass. Then there are the Jacques Cartier, St. Ann, Montmorency, St. Charles, Etchemin and Chaudière rivers, all near at hand,

and yield fair troutting for beginners. In the Murray river you might make your first trial after salmon, and the probabilities are that you would be *a long way* after them, but still it would be practice. On the south shore from Murray Bay you can take the cars to Somerset Station, then by driving a few miles you can *whip* such quiet places as Lake Joseph, Lake William, Trout Lake and British Lake and the streams towards Black Lake for trout, which will give good sport to the fly fisher; or you can take the cars toward Rivière du Loup, making a tour of the rivers and lakes which abound along the coast; but still seeking for better fish, fewer flies and freedom from mosquitoes, cross to the Saguenay for sea trout. Anybody there, for a small consideration, can tell you when, where, and how to fish. Advice is cheap and plenty, for during the winter each permanent fisherman has been putting in his time by accumulating stores of it, in anticipation of being able to unload it on the unsuspecting sportsmen during the ensuing season. At the Bergeronnes and in the lakes on the opposite side of the Saguenay lake-trout are very plenty and very large, but taking lake-trout seems like child's play compared to the tact and science required in taking tidal-trout. With regard to salmon fishing up the Saguenay, you will find that the few streams that still hold them have all been leased, and are therefore private property, so it is always policy to hire another fellow to capture the salmon, and besides there is less risk of having to pay from \$5 to \$10 for each fish, whilst the honor is accorded you just the same upon arrival in camp or at the hotel. The fishing season lasts from about the 1st of June until the middle of September. Salmon time closes by law with the month of August, whilst grilse run from ten to twenty days in August.

Eighty miles below Tadousac is the River Bersimis, where the angler can fish for salmon without being interrupted or interfered with ; but if ever an unfortunate salmon happens to get captured in that stream I would be pleased to hear of it, and also to note the event. Forty miles below is the Mistassini River, a small stream and tolerably well stocked with small fish. It has been rumored that one or two fine fish attempted to ascend this stream and got aground, but working off they got back and spread a bad report amongst their neighbors, therefore the stream is only patronized now by the small fry. Just below is the Becscie, and just such a stream fifteen miles further is the "Godbout," but the privilege of fishing its waters is leased, so all that remains is to "hire another" ingine. The Trinity, 16 miles below, gives good trout, but the salmon have moved away. The Calumet, Pentecost and Little Marguerite are all of the same character. Moisic river is leased, but in Trout river, seven miles below, middling sport can be had in July and August. The St. John is a large stream with plenty of fish, but has the name of being a sulky stream.

Trout River to the Mingan is about ninety-five miles ; both in the Mingan and the Manitou salmon are plentiful, and rise well to the fly. The Romaine River is nine miles further down, and fishing there is attended with some danger, but the river is well stocked with fine large fish. Fifty miles below is the Great Watscheeshoo, on the banks of which you will find good camping-grounds, with pools well supplied with salmon ; the best of the sport being obtained from about two miles from its mouth to the head of the island that divides the channel just above the first rapid. Forty miles further you reach the Natashguhan, which

stream will well repay a visit, being full of fish, ranging from five to forty pounds. You may select almost any spot, and need move no further, for the fish are merely waiting to be caught, and are certainly offering a premium for a curing and dry-salting establishment.

Still further on, in distances of from twenty to one hundred miles, there are Kegashka, Musquarro, Was-heecootai, Olomanosheebo, Etamainu, Meccattina, and Esquimaux rivers, all good sized streams, and will afford the angler considerable sport, together with quite enough labor and fatigue as to make him at times "too tired to eat." Camp life is enjoyable, and when night closes down after a successful day's catch, and when solace is being obtained from the meerschaum or weed, how happy we feel, and how our credulity is taxed to believe that the line bore a strain of 187 pounds before it gave and parted, and the fish was seen and must have weighed fully 80 pounds, and then so lively. Sometimes we think the hook might have caught in the drift, but it would be a pity to spoil the narration, therefore we accept.

In the rivers on the island of Anticosti trout are abundant, and salmon are occasionally taken. Salmon River is near the north coast; whilst Jupiter, Shallop, and other rivers on the west and south of the island, can be reached either from Mingan or from Gaspé. The Gaspé rivers afford good salmon and trout fishing, and hold the reputation of being first-rate fishing grounds. There are several rivers on the south coast below the Metis that afford good sport, and others that are of good repute on the coast of Labrador. Sea-trout fishing in July or August, after the run is commenced, is one of the best and most enjoyable sports the country can offer: the fish are

in fine condition, beautiful to look upon, exquisite in flavor, and extraordinarily strong and active. Strong tackle must be used, as it will come in very opportunely in the event of a tussle with a salmon. Wherever there is a tide ripple or eddy they lie thick, and take with a rapidity that is surprising,—from one to three and a half pounds is the average weight. The flies requisite for the sport are the scarlet-ibis wings, with gold or silver twist for bodies, the March brown, the cowdung, orange dun, cinnamon fly, red tackle and bright red-bodied fly with grey wings; small flies and light strong tackle are best. A table of distance is appended, so the fisher can choose his own route. On the south side of the St. Lawrence, the established railroad and steamboat routes are suitable. To arrive at the north coast it would be necessary to charter a yacht or small schooner, which is by far the most pleasant mode, and where five or six join together it is astonishing at the small amount of expenditure for a season's enjoyment. Yachts or schooners, with a competent man to take charge, can be obtained either in Quebec or Gaspé, but should you be alone you can invariably find either a schooner or steamer that will transport you and your camp to the point desired. Tents now-a-days are made so light and durable, and of such various designs and shapes, that the selection must be left to the choice of the party, but you will find a circular or tripod tent far preferable to the square because of the less resistance they offer to the wind, whilst they are far more securely fastened. Use a spliced rod for salmon, well balanced, 16 to 18 feet in length. Ash, with a lancewood, whalebone or tortoiseshell tip or of greenheart wood, will render good service. Mount a click reel with 100 or more yards of waterproof line, stock your book with casting lines, double

ones, and flies of sober materials. For provisions, take everything you need, for little is obtainable except eggs and sometimes milk, so it remains between yourself and your grocer whether the provisions and other requisites have been up to the standard of your desires. Sometimes you will be fairly dealt with, but oh my ! look out first yourself and then trust the grocer the next time.

DISTANCES, AND HOW TO GET THERE.

From Detroit, Windsor, Port Huron, Sarnia, Goderich, Kincardine and Southampton, there are several lines of steamers running the entire lengths of Lakes Huron and Superior. Passage on either of them is very reasonable, and the tourist can be landed at almost any point he desires,

From Manitoulin Island to Sault Ste. Marie, steamer	110	miles
" Sault Ste. Marie to Owen Sound, steamer.....	240	"
" Owen Sound to Southampton, stage.....	35	"
" Southampton to Kincardine, road or boat.....	45	"
" Kincardine to Goderich, " "	35	"
" Goderich to Sarnia or Port Huron, road or boat ..	40	"
" Sarnia to Windsor or Detroit, " "	26	"
" Windsor to Pelee Island, Lake Erie, boat	45	"
" Pelee Island to Fort Erie, " Port Colborne," boat..	185	"
" Port Colborne to St. Catharines, road or canal.....	22	"
" Niagara to Toronto, G.W.R., boat.....	32	"
" Toronto to Kingston, rail or boat.....	161	"
" Kingston to Montreal, " "	172	"
" Montreal to Quebec, " "	180	"
" " to Ottawa, " "	119	"
" Quebec to Lake St. Joseph, road.....	14	"
" " to Tadousac	115	"
" " to Murray Bay	75	"
" " to Campbellton, rail to Gaspé, boat.....	314	"
" Tadousac to Bersimis.....	80	"
" Bersimis to Mistassini.....	40	"
" Quebec to St. John, N.B.....	588	"
" " to Halifax, N.S.....	686	"
" " to Anticosti	450	"
" Pictou, N.S., to Charlottetown, P.E.I.....	35	"
" Halifax to Pictou, N.S.....	114	"

During the season, when navigation is open, the Richelieu

and Ontario Navigation Co. run a daily line of mail steamers from Hamilton, the south-western end of Lake Ontario, calling at each port along the borders of the Lake, through the Thousand Islands, and running the famed rapids, to Montreal. The same Company also run a daily line from Montreal to Quebec of large palatial steamers that are certainly the finest class of boats in the Dominion. They also connect four times a week at Quebec for the Saguenay and Lower St. Lawrence. From Quebec, the Inter-colonial Railway connects at Campbellton with steamer City of St. John for Gaspé; at Rivière du Loup by mail steamers for New Brunswick and Saguenay steamers; at Moncton with steamers to Summerside and Charlottetown, P.E.I.; at St. Johns for the United States and the Upper Canada.

HALIFAX.

Gaspé on Gaspé Basin was at one time quite a noted port, being the rendezvous for the fishing fleet of the entire coast, beside considerable timber business being transacted. Now since the consolidation the harbor seems to have lost its charms somewhat, and although there are delightful legends connected with its coast, and former piratical and citizen wreckers; passing visitors do not seem to care about remaining to acquaint themselves with its mode of life, or to explore the scenery or its surroundings. There are several large firms who still employ numerous hands and fit out quite a fleet of fishing boats, the industry alone assisting materially to support the business of the town. The country itself is unattractive enough, being for the most part unproductive sands and rock, although interspersed at intervals with patches of seeming fertility; but the

inhabitants generally being Norwegians or Swedes, and trade having fallen off considerably, the attractions for settlers are not very numerous. Although food in the shape of black bread, molasses, fish and pork, seems plenty and to spare in each family, and freely shared with the stranger, still, if confined to the one article of diet for a few years, a man is apt to become weary of life and sigh for release, although the "boys" assert "it's good enough so long's there's plenty." It is stated that quite a number of rich veins of lead and copper have been discovered in this vicinity, and that there are every indications of a valuable deposit of these metals, so possibly at some future time the minerals and oil, with which it is believed the country abounds may become a source of wealth to its people. There are already a few lead mines some little distance off that are said to be worked to an advantage, and to yield a profit to their owners.

From Gaspé the coast presents several features of interest. The rock or headland west of the bay terminates in a perpendicular cliff overhanging a column of rock, which is known as the "Old Woman." The shore, after leaving, presents a long low line of red sand-stone, worn and indented into all manner of shapes by the action of the winds and waves. The various rocks and islands now passed present to the beholder some peculiar configurations, the result of the continual wear and action upon them by the sea.

Keeping well to the north and east of the Magdalen Islands, around St. Paul and Cape Breton Islands, then to the southward and westward, we soon come in sight of the light off Halifax harbor—the city lying well back on the hill almost in the bight of the bay or inner



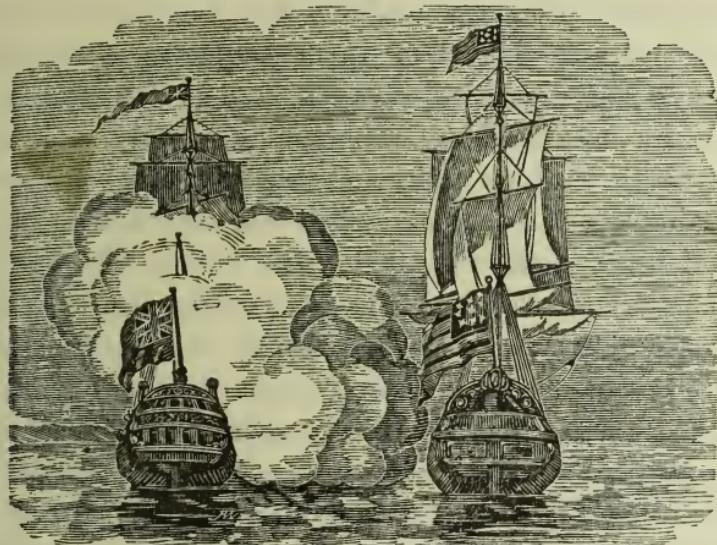
HALIFAX.

harbor. The harbor of Halifax affords a splendid anchorage, and is used by the British as the naval station for their North Atlantic squadron, and also a coaling depot for homeward-bound steamships. As a military station it was formerly well garrisoned, but of late the soldiers stationed here have not been very numerous. It was found by the authorities that, after an enfeebling service in the West Indies or India, the bracing atmosphere of Nova Scotia and Quebec was of immense benefit to the men, and therefore took advantage of the situation offered to locate their military and naval posts. It was in the city of Halifax that the famous Fishery Award Commission brought itself into notoriety, and whose actions and practices may yet foment bad blood amongst the citizens of two great nations. The city of Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, is situated on an eminence, and is connected with the interior and northern ports by rail, which makes the circuit of the inner harbor it lies in about the same latitude as Bordeaux, France, $44^{\circ} 30' N.$, but, unlike the latter city, has not the soothing influences of the Gulf Stream to moderate its winters and render pleasant the summer months. The city at present contains some 45,000 inhabitants, and, being the shipping terminus of the Inter-colonial R. R., is striving to become the winter port of the Dominion, but as yet several obstacles seem to arise that will have to be dispelled before the wish is realized: petty and sectional jealousies will have to be dissipated, energy and enterprise must be evinced, elevators erected, and public opinion so enlisted as to make the port a trade centre, and a port for commerce. At present both Boston and Portland monopolize a large proportion of trade through the enterprising spirit of their merchants that might

otherwise have been diverted for the benefit of Nova Scotia, and it is doubtful that, were the subsidy that is now granted to the "Allans" revoked, whether the vessels of that line would ever call at the port. Approaching from the sea the view is a fine one, but the country around is poor, comprising rocks and sandy stretches, and clothed with a verdure of scrub pine, with very little arable or agricultural lands, therefore the inducements held out to settlers to reside in its immediate neighborhood are neither very great or very promising.

On entering the port of Halifax from the ocean the view of the land is very gratifying to the eye, through the outer harbor or bay, which will afford good anchorage to the navies of several nations. The sail is delightful,—a naval review would no doubt be a very pleasant sight to witness in its waters; thence through the inner harbor, and once landed through the depot, you find the streets of the city narrow, dingy-looking thoroughfares, lined with apparently dilapidated dwellings, reminding one somewhat of the older French portions, of Quebec or Montreal, although on the rise are several blocks of business houses, well built, and faced with granite, that would reflect credit upon business architecture of any city further west. The barracks for the use of the garrison are a substantial and well-built block of buildings, said to be but seldom excelled even in Europe—another result of Great Britain's foresight for her soldiers who have passed through so many vicissitudes in her service, by the time of their transfer to this point, they are well-drilled, cool and patient, and of the right material to render good service in case of need, therefore it pays to keep them in good health. The banks, court house and cathedrals are fine structures. The City Hall, and Hospital comprise the

public buildings. The people complain some of the publicity of the assertion by their neighbors of New Brunswick, viz., "That the Nova Scotians are blue noses, and that they and the Cape Bretons pry the sun up with a handspike. Whilst they acknowledge the soft impeachment that their noses may at times be blue, still they indignantly deny that they have ever interfered with the habits of the sun, and I for one believe their assertion, for, if the glorious orb of day had to rely on the Nova Scotians for an early start, he would have to omit many a day's work in the course of



OLD TIMES OFF NOVA SCOTIA AND P. E. I.

the year. The Nova Scotia R. R. Co. do considerable local business, transporting the general products of the country by their passenger trains to the coast. Freights are mostly composed of truck and car loads of bricks and ice, of which products of skill and nature immense quantities are annually shipped ; the supply of material being considered by the natives exhaustless, it must be a source of permanent wealth

It is needless to state that the breaking open of freight cars and the appropriation of property whilst *in transit* is a crime of very infrequent occurrence, if not entirely unknown throughout the province.

It seems there is no fishing worthy of the name in Nova Scotia, although numerous schooners are fitted out from her ports, but they find their best markets elsewhere, and the ignorance of the people respecting their neighbors of the adjoining Provinces is something remarkable. The country from Halifax to Windsor is yet as nature made it : scrub timber, a mass of boulders, and bare rocks. Lakes abound, and on several of them companies have established ice houses, with railways complete, for exporting ice to the States and elsewhere. Some miles inland the country changes, the rocks are softer, and include shales, sandstone, limestone, and beds of clay, and in this portion the country is cleared and well cultivated. The tide at Halifax rises but four feet, whilst at Windsor, where the current has to turn a point, the tide rises some 40 feet. In wider parts of the Bay some 30 feet is the average, but in the Bay of Mines, the water sometimes rises as high as 75 feet. In some parts of the Bay are whirlpools that are considered dangerous, and where the stream runs over 9 miles an hour, and the sight is astonishing to notice what a few moments before seemed to be a harbor of mud covered with rushing turbulent waters. About high-water mark the shores are strewn with boulders of coarse granites and other rocks foreign to these districts. In winter the Bay of Fundy freezes, and the great tides pack the ice until it looks like the boulders on the shores. No doubt the ice moves the granite boulders and cuts into the grooved banks like a saw. Ice marks abound in the district,

and even at the summit level of 550 feet are discernible. There is an entire absence of high mountains, and local glaciers could not be accounted for on that hypothesis, but the marks on the highest tops correspond in direction with marks on the sea level twenty miles away. The boulder clay contains fragments of sandstone, and the coal measures lie to the N. 50 E. in Cape Breton and N. W. in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The hills range in altitude from 800 to 1,000 feet above the sea level, and extend almost due east and west from Truro to a total length of about 100 miles, and average from ten to twelve miles in breadth.

The prevailing geological formations in the Cobequid Hills are granite, porphyry, and clay slate in the upper portions ; above the shores of the bay, limas, and on the northern side red sandstone and the coal measures. The range is claimed to abound in minerals, a large vein of specular iron ore occurs close to the line. No doubt, in the future, the region will attract the attention of capitalists. Stellarton is the centre of a rich coal district. Iron ore is also found here in large quantities, and a furnace is in operation. The Albion mines have been worked some fifty years, and a few miles away are the Drummond, Acadia and Black Diamond mines. New Glasgow is some three miles from Stellarton, and situated in one of the richest mineral territories on the continent ; it also has an extensive ship-building trade, some of the largest vessels hailing from Nova Scotia having been built here. A track some five miles long is laid from the mine to Abercrombie Point in South Pictou, from which place the coal is shipped. The best mines on the northern coast being those in the vicinity of Pictou and New Glasgow. In the former place are not only

found excellent mines of coal, but valuable quarries of building stone has been the means of producing a finely-settled country in its neighborhood, and its trade is considerable in stone, lumber, coal and fish, whilst that of New Glasgow is assuming considerable importance. Brigs and schooners from all portions of the American coast resort to Pictou, and the exports of this little town have at times amounted to considerable. The population is much the same class of men that are found amongst the "Geordies" or in Wigan and Swansea, but are not as intelligent and energetic as the miners of Pennsylvania, probably because they are fewer in number and more under control; but churches are numerous, therefore a continued residence amongst them would be the only means of ascertaining correctly their ideas and their ambitions.

In this district, as generally throughout Nova Scotia, the Scotch element predominates.

Opposite the town, the harbor extends and branches into East, the West and Middle rivers, several mines and the town of New Glasgow, being situated on the East river, boats also run up the others. Naturally one of the attractions whilst here is to go "down in a coal mine, underneath the ground," which can be done by taking the steamer that runs regularly to the mines, and then making known your intentions to the foreman, who can generally find some one to *chaperone* you for a small consideration; then, if you are under the guidance of an old miner, he will conduct you to the mouth of the pit and bid you step into the cage or swinging bucket, then, with a "lower away" to the engineer, you commence to descend, and every once in a while hear the wire rope or chain crack above your head, which somehow makes you feel a little nervous about dropping into the

black abyss, seemingly so far below. On arriving at the level some hundreds of feet below the surface, you are taken in charge by a guide with a grimy face and blackened clothes, who, with a bull's-eye lantern attached to his



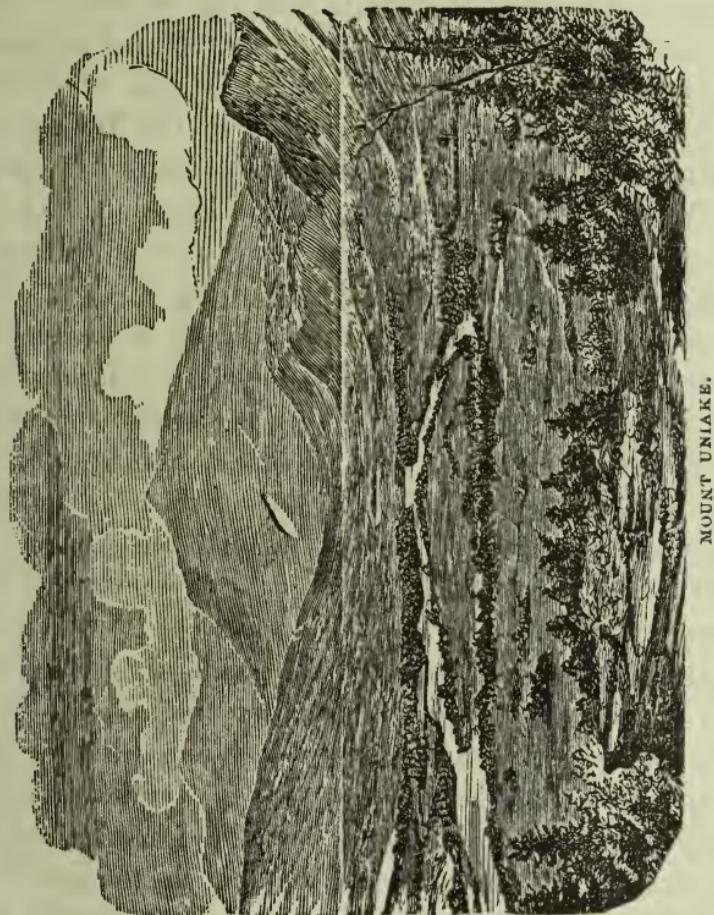
JACQUES CARTIER.

cap, leads the way, and somehow or other, here in the darkness and groping your way through those flickering lights, you begin to think that at some sharp turning you

may come suddenly in contact with His Satanic Majesty himself; and when you remember the horrors the preacher depicted and the unpleasant odour of the brimstone the feeling comes over you that you wish you had not come and would like to go home. Some of the miners on the lower levels work in such cramped-up positions that on arriving at the surface it is found almost impossible to straighten, and after a few years' service the acquired form of the body has become the most natural and comfortable position. The mines are worked daily and during the busy season by additional gangs at night, the day gang returning to the surface each shift, but the horses are left constantly below to perform the work of hauling from place to place, as new levels are found and new veins struck. The vocation of a miner is alive with peril and fraught with danger, but the men themselves are a venturesome jovial set generally speaking, who view very lightly the hardships they undergo, and even the numerous accidents are soon obliterated and forgotten as soon as the danger is past. The explosion and flooding of the mines, and the recent Stellarton disaster, are already becoming to be quoted as an happening of the long ago.

Twenty-four miles north-east from the City of Halifax stands the grand old Mount Uniake, a baysaltic deposit whose rugged aspect gives but few signs of the mineral wealth embedded in its formation. Its crystalized rock is permeated with seams and veins of gold, silver, and other minerals, copper that represent the wealth of the world at large, and will in no distant period become the means of attracting thousands to its vicinity, for being in close proximity to the city, and connecting with a series of hills of easy ascent, no difficulty will be experienced in trans-

portion, whilst further to the north, beyond the hills, the soil becomes prolific, and is well watered and admirably adapted to agriculture and the sustenance of a mining population. Some of the hills scattered over this portion of Nova Scotia produce a remarkable variation of the



magnetic needle, thereby indicating the presence of a body of magnetic ore, and are supposed to be wonderfully rich in precious metals, but further north volcanic forces have in the long distant past produced extraordinary results.

Limestone, granite and trap-rock are heaped in a confused mass, presenting a surface at once rough and rugged, and which will take both enterprise and capital to thoroughly explore and lay bare their riches. Being easy of access and close to a port of entry, with the continued improvements in stamping and quartz crushing machinery, Mount Uniake offers to the investor unequalled inducements to develop her resources. Mr. Henry Hogan of Montreal, and also an extensive stockholder in the De Lery gold mine in the Province of Quebec, is also the owner of a claim on Mount Uniake, comprising some 18 acres in extent area, 21 specimens of which upon being assayed through the ordinary fire assay produce the following results: over $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces virgin gold to the ton, being a production of over 30 dollars per ton near the surface lode, and continually becomes richer as the vein is worked. Some three barrels of the ore have been already sent to Boston, U. S., which has shown a result of $3\frac{1}{4}$ ounces to the ton of quartz, say about 67 dollars per ton. As improved machinery is employed, the mine is expected to yield on an average over 3 ounces per ton.

But to return to the Capital back again (which report has it is situated just three miles from H——, but that libel was evidently circulated by an early settler in disparagement of the country), gazing over the waters of its harbors to those of the deep, broad and restless blue Atlantic beyond, silently meditating, and oh! the many scenes and memories of years gone by that come rushing to the mind; episodes that transpired upon its waters that at times were productive of terror, at others of delight. The waters, now so placid and tranquil, seem hardly a part of the same ocean that gave us such a terrible experience on

the night of the 18th of October, 1858, when the home-ward-bound Australian "Royal Charter" met her fate off Puffin Island, or the angry seas that rolled over the mon-ster "Great Eastern" 500 miles westward of Cape Clear, or those over which our swift blockaders were chased whilst making the South Carolinian port, each trip being fraught with danger and death both from cannon on the surface and chains and torpedoes below. The waters now so still, with scarcely a cat's paw to disturb their glassy serenity, seem as if repenting of their boisterous actions and alluring fogs, when the noble "Atlantic" with her living freight went head on to the bleak and sombre rocks to her destruction, and the loss of nearly 500 human lives. The terrible strength and fury of its wild waters when once aroused is never obliterated from the memory of those whose callings require them to brave its fury whilst in its passionate moods. The first trip of the good steamship "Minnesota," in the fall of 1872, comes vividly before me: the fourteen days' combat with the winds and sea in the Bay of Biscay; the death of the quarter-master at the wheel, with his ribs crushed in by the cruel spokes; the in-juring of the sailors; the burials at sea, in the height of the gale, and after escaping the perils of the ocean; the fire that caught among the coals from combustion, and at the criti-cal time the break down of machinery on Christmas day, whilst still 300 miles eastward of Havana; the bending of the stanchions under the cotton deck, and the sliding of the cargo of railroad iron, that momentarily threatened destruction to over 200 souls on board, and the prayer of thankfulness and sense of relief experienced when The Hole in the Wall and Great Isaacs were first sighted. The heart-felt eulogies that were passed upon those gallant officers and

true seamen, Captains Hamlin and Johnstone, are memories that time cannot obliterate whilst the ocean remains to be contemplated. And still another experience comes before the mental vision : not of calm seas and hidden dangers, but when mighty Boreas assumed full sway, and compelled affrighted mortals to do him homage and acknowledge his sceptre. The hurricanes experienced in the spring of 1876, when the barometer even for the "roaring forties," was unusually low, the highest pressure being 28.80. The hurricane is thus alluded to by a fellow voyager : At two o'clock on the morning of Feb. 11, the barometer, which had been stationary unusually low, commenced suddenly falling, and the wind that had been blowing a gale from the north-west suddenly veered to the south-west, and by six a.m. was blowing a gale from that quarter ; at nine the gale increased to a hurricane, and the sea "cross and angry" literally ran mountains high. The ship was "hove to" with her head on, but the force of the wind was tremendous ; hailstones struck with such violence as to indent the woodwork where they fell ; it was impossible at times for any human being to stand on deck except under the lee of some of the houses or bulwarks, the waves making a clean sweep of the ship, and carrying with them everything that was not well bound down. At twelve next noon, after hours of painful anxiety, the hurricane was at its height, and a heavy double sea struck the ship, completely submerging her and burying her deep in the foam. There was a moment of suspense as the feeling that the vessel was settling down came over one, but a gentle throb from the engines gave signs that she was yet rising ; the officer on the bridge found himself standing in the midst of the boiling foam, with the feeling that the ship was gone

from under him, and as he clung to the iron rails the storm canvas was swept away, and the iron stanchions bent like wire. As the ship righted, the damage was ascertained. The chart room, officers' rooms, surgery, with all the deck houses, were entirely swept away, timbers were smashed, and the trim, staunch ship wore the appearance of having passed through a fire. The gallant Captain Sadler with his chief and second officers had a narrow escape with their lives, whilst everything belonging to them was swept away by the sea; heavy seas were shipped afterwards, but the force of the hurricane was spent, so, with a succession of south-easterly gales, the good ship made the port of New York. Such are some of the dangers encountered by those who tempt the moods of Neptune, but on days like this the mind easily drifts away off, on the dark blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico or over the light green of the coral reefs, amongst the West Indies, around the Florida coasts, or skirting the "ever-faithful Isle," but such reveries are soon dispelled when we notice the practical, every-day life, indulged in by the fishermen who make this port their starting-point, and surely a cod-fisher's life is not to be envied, for it is generally laborious work and heavy risks. The manner of their occupation usually followed is this: the owner of the schooner, who is often the captain also, hires a crew of from thirteen to fifteen men to work on "*sheeres*," that is, so many parts of the profits for the owners, so many for the captain, and a divide amongst the crew of the remainder. After shipping, a day or two is occupied in fitting out, mending sails, setting running and fixing standing gear, and getting the vessel ship-shape. The cook is sometimes sent up town to lay in stores, and generally after ordering the provisions down takes a parting glass and returns next

day, and sometimes under escort, to the great relief of those who were anxiously waiting for eight bells and grub time ; then sails are bent, decks washed off, touches of paint here and there, ends of lines whipped, ropes coiled down, and standing gear properly seized ; a jigger all around, and, with a fair wind, the fisherman stands out for the offing. Now he finds where the discomfort begins : with a crew of from thirteen to fifteen or sixteen men, for one half to be below in the narrow limits of the cuddy, and in bad weather with the hatches closed, is something stifling, whilst on deck it is a continual drench. The first day out and our fisherman is transformed into something approaching a farmer with a hoe in one hand, and a bucket hard-by. The crew are all searching the shore for bait in the shape of clams, and in the course of a day or so enough have been dug up to serve for the trip. From the baiting-grounds to the "Georges Banks" the time is generally occupied in mending line, splicing in hooks, improvising trolls and other tackle necessary. Then, on arrival at the fishing grounds, the kedge is dropped, and the crew are patiently seated on deck with their feet under the rail, in the wet, the chill and the fog, patiently tending their lines and chawing terbaccer, and as fast as the fish are hooked throwing them into the "well." At times in the midnight watch, when all seems so peaceful and serene, some huge monster of an ocean steamer comes along and crushes over the poor fisherman without ever feeling the shock or stopping her engines, and from fancied security he is hurried into a watery grave. Lucky he deems himself if in a week or two the "well" is full, and they make back for a market with a successful catch, and obtain a fair amount of cash to recompense them for their labor, still, year by year, does the fisherman have to

venture further and further from the coasts in the quest of good grounds, until now the favorite localities are some thousand miles from the shores of America.

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, the three provinces that comprise the Eastern portion of the Dominion, contain in the aggregate some 750,000 inhabitants, hardly a sufficient number to populate a fourth-rate city. Still these provinces have three mimic houses of Parliament, with all the attendant dignity and paraphernalia ; two houses of Representatives, and three Lieutenant Governors ; in fact, if the strangers do not meet over five officials out of a possible six inhabitants or acquaintances it is quite a subject of remark, and speculation is rife about the vacancy that is thought about to occur. But this muchly-governed little country brings to mind very forcibly the Mississippian's opinion of "Louisiana's Government," that it was nothing but a two-bit arrangement all around ! From Halifax to St. Johns, New Brunswick, is but a distance of 276 miles : here, as in Nova Scotia, Neal Dow's principles are *formally* enforced and the only way for the bibulously-inclined to satisfy his longings is to "go to de docter," as the colored gentleman advised his questioner, "why, boss, de only way what you kin git relieved of dem ere cramps is to go to de drug-store man, fur dere is a female samintery (seminary) near town, and de probation laws is a gwine here." So after paying heavily for a prescription, and imbibing some of the meanest concoctions of spirits and extracts, you fancy that the scriptural injunction was altogether wrong and astray, or at all events not adapted for these provinces, when it recommended to "give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to they that be of heavy heart." Of course throughout this barren unproductive region

should anything be taken that would make glad the heart of man, it would possibly deplete his purse, and, as the opportunity would in all probability never again occur for him to obtain another nickel or a dime it would be the height of folly to waste or expend that amount on a pleasure that was but momentary, for, as a friend remarked, "I feel pretty bad to-day, I have been reckless, and another ten cents has gone to the devil."

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

From Halifax to Pictou is some seventy miles over a rocky, hilly, and generally unproductive, country ; and from this coal region to Charlottetown is but fifty-five miles, whilst means of communication between the two ports is kept up regularly during the season by steamer. Charlottetown is the capital and principal port of Prince Edward Island, which Island is divided into three counties, Kings, Queens and Prince, and contains about 100,000 inhabitants. The Island is some one hundred and thirty miles in length and thirty-four miles in its greatest breadth, averaging eighteen miles. It is an exoellent farming country, and its soil is very fertile. Its coasts on all sides are very much indented by inlets from the sea. Several of which form good harbors. The Island itself lies between 46° and 47° N. lat., and between 62° and $64^{\circ} 30'$ W. Long. The Island is situated in the southern portion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is separated from the mainland by the Strait of Northumberland ; and from Cape Tormentine in New Brunswick to Cape Traverse in P. E. I. is but a distance of nine miles. It seems there were several claimants, from John Cabot down, who asserted that they were the first discoverers of the Island ; but, as possession was nine points of the law, in the

year 1523 one Verazzani, in the employ of the French Government, planted, as was usual in those days, the emblem of Christianity on its soil, and claimed the whole region round about for the King of France, although no attempt for the settlement of the Island was made until the year 1663. In that year a French naval officer obtained a grant of the Island from the company of New France for the purpose of establishing fisheries along its coast, somewhat after the style of our modern M. P.'s obtaining North West lands for the purpose of stock-raising, farming, distiling, &c., &c., to benefit the country at large. In the year 1713, and after a war of over two years' duration between France and England, the Treaty of Utrecht was entered into, and the Island began to be a settled Province, and Port Joy, now Charlottetown, was first founded by the French ; and it is claimed that in the year 1728 the population of the Island was about 300, and at the time of the Treaty of Fontainbleau, in the year 1763, the French had peopled the Island to the number of some 8000. In that year the Island was placed under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Nova Scotia, who had it surveyed and divided into sixty-seven townships or lots of some 20,000 acres each, which divisions still exist. At that time the British were intent upon extending their territory and planting colonies, so they started to give or grant to settlers, upon certain conditions, this fertile little Island ; but so numerous were the applicants that they organized a lottery, and the Island, in the shape of prizes, was awarded to some sixty-seven lucky ones, or numbers. Of course, as a high-toned moral and Christian nation, she would not countenance such a proceeding at this day. The grants were issued through Lord Campbell, Governor of Nova Scotia. Two

lots of 20,000 acres each were bestowed upon fishing companies, and one lot of 6000 acres was reserved for the King, thereby showing that he was not very ambitious of owning much stock on this side of the Atlantic. In 1770 the British Government, having no use for an Island so far from its shores made a separate Province of it, and allowed the Islanders to govern themselves, first appointing a governor to keep them in the traces. During the American war of independence this Island was often visited by privateers, *lettres-dn Marque*, and other vessels in American service, and at times their visits were not without interest, especially in the vicinity of Charlottetown, for not only the Americans, but the Nova Scotians cast a longing eye in the vicinity of the Island, and at one time laid plans for its capture, but they fell through. On the north-western and west by southern portions of the Islands are extensive sand bars that make it dangerous for a mariner to approach in too close a proximity to its shores. The country has its mimic Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament, officers, civil, State, and ecclesiastic, with its Lieut-Governor, judges, justices and other civic dignitaries too numerous to mention, who administer public affairs with an amount of dignity that is at once ludicrous and amusing, and it is certainly a problem for the new arrival to solve how so many officials exist when, apparently, there are no private citizens to support him, but I suppose they were all in the lobster factories or out fishing. The Island is a good place to spend a few weeks and on little cash, but for a permanent residence and have to work for a living the "Good Lord deliver us!" In many of the harbors on both the northern and southern coasts are finely-fitted yachts belonging to residents, and it seems strange that regattas that

have Charlottetown or Summerside for a terminal point are not more freely indulged in by Portland, Boston and New York. Good deep-sea fishing can be enjoyed at almost any point off its shores, and the summer traveller will certainly find it to his advantage to hurry through the Upper Provinces and spend a few pleasant weeks in this vicinity.

To the northward of P. E. I. are situated the Magdalen Islands, some seven in number; they are inhabited chiefly by fishermen and those engaged in fishing and coaling interests, so although their homes seem bleak and desolate, still they enjoy in a comparative degree a sense of independence, and a freedom from the cares, tricks and tribulations, of this designing universe, as to render them far happier in their poverty than many of their favored countrymen further west. Icebergs and islands of ice are frequently met with in crossing the Gulf of St. Lawrence in summer months, which are thought to have descended from the regions of Hudson's Bay or Davis Straits, whence they have been detached or severed from the main body by the violence of the storms that occur in those latitudes, and passing by the coasts of Labrador are carried by the indraught of the current into the straits of Belle Isle, thence through the gulf into the open sea. Summer visitors to these latitudes will find both health and strength derived from the trip, whilst in the middle of July or August they will have ample opportunity for wearing winter clothing and donning their overcoats at night.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The City of St John, the commercial dépôt of the Bay of Fundy, is situated on the Harbor and at the mouth of the river of the same name, and distant from Halifax

some 276 miles and is also the chief business town in the Province of New Brunswick, containing at present some 35,000 inhabitants, and is built upon a rocky peninsula of very uneven ground, sloping from a central ridge. A great deal of labor has been employed, and capital expended, in cutting down the hills, and leveling the streets. The principal wharves, docks and warehouses extend to the north and around the head of the basin, to within a short distance of the Falls, some five miles up the St. John River. The whole shore is lined with timber ponds, booms and ship yards, which receive the timber floated down the river.

The harbor of St. John is a safe one, but not very spacious or commodious, especially at low water. From its shallowness, and the strength of the current, large ships generally enter the harbor on the top of the flood tide. The tides rise some twenty-six feet and, therefore, great facilities are afforded for repairing and launching vessels: for during the ebb the shores and a number of docks are left dry, but during the flood the harbor is easy of access for the largest ships, but a strong free wind is necessary to enable sailing vessels to enter without the aid of a tow-boat. The approaches and the shoals are well marked and buoyed; the beacon on the bar is crowned by a good light, whilst on Partridge Island, at the entrance to the harbor, there is a fine light-house, battery, signal station, and hospital. The trade of the city consists mostly in the export of timber, shipbuilding, and the prominent industry of Nova Scotia, the Israelitish occupation of making brick. The whole district of St John is rocky and broken, and viewed from any of the eminences the scenery is bold and picturesque: the river at low water dashing forward in



VIEW ON THE LAKE.

columns of spray rushes through a narrow gorge into the harbor, and covers the surface of the water with wreaths of foam. The whole basin of the river seems to be covered with ships, steamboats, and small craft. Its buildings are substantial, and compare favorably with any in the provinces, whilst with the people there is a kind of don't-care-a-cent, independent air, that is certainly refreshing, in relief to the manners of some of the cities in Upper Canada.

The Province of New Brunswick is chiefly noted in history from the eternal quarrelling and fighting amongst its early settlers to obtain possession and a foothold for their respective governments. Until the year 1784 the colony of New Brunswick formed a portion of Arcadia or New France, and was considered a part of Nova Scotia. During the reign of Henry IV. a speculator named De Monts made the third attempt at colonization in the province; he received from his sovereign almost unlimited powers and privileges, titles and patents of nobility that covered fourteen skins of parchment, and which took him three days to read in order to discover how great a man he really was. His commission embraced all the territory from the 40th to the 46th degree north latitude, or from Hudson's Bay to Virginia; and he had the monopoly of the fur trade over all that tract of country then called New France. Those old kings and potentates of Europe certainly did things up in style when they liked to encourage a favorite, and were as liberal as our Parliament to the Syndicate in giving away that which they hardly owned, but, at any rate, had no use for.

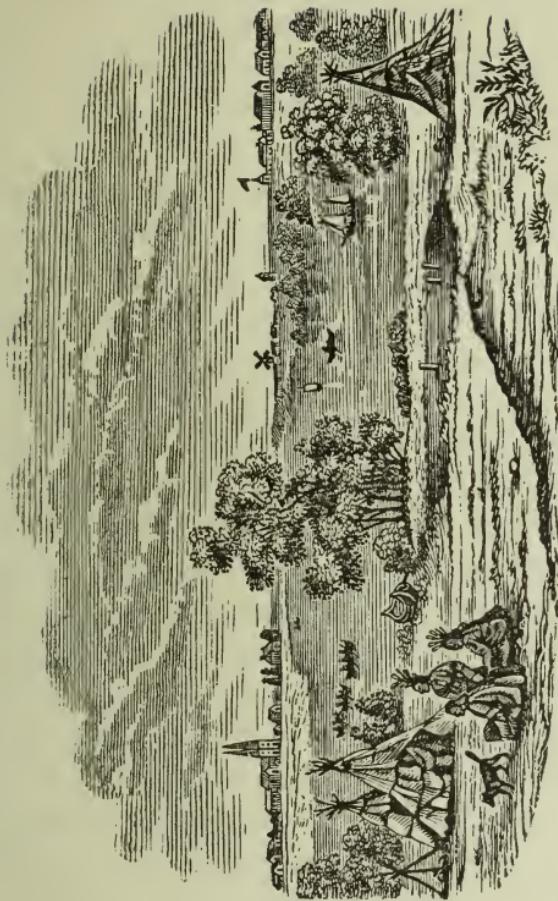
De Monts was a Protestant, so he at once borrowed all the cash he could from his friends to further his enterprise. History does not state that he ever returned it, or even gave

his note for it, got permission to give his religion a fair show, on condition of his providing a few Catholic missionaries for the conversion of the natives, and to open up trade ; so, having plenty of Christianity, as a kind of a cheap stock-in-trade, he set sail, and on the 16th day of May, 1604, he arrived at Rossignol (now Liverpool). At this place he found one Rossignol, whose name the harbor had received, trading with the Indians, and at once asked the poor fellow to show his license, and Rossignol never having heard of such an instrument or knowing what its virtues were, or even who had authority to issue such a thing, spoke out truthfully, and said : "that he had one all right, but he left it at home, for his wife to make a bed quilt out of ; whereupon De Monts informed the trader that he was afraid he was prevaricating, for nobody had authority to issue such things, except De Monts the Great. He therefore immediately seized the vessel and goods of the trader *for lying*, and by their sale enabled himself to carry out the Christian colony scheme, which, otherwise, would have failed. He then sailed along the coast to the westward, and captured four more French vessels that were engaged in trade, and whose captains were unacquainted with the license question, so, with the results of the spoils captured from contraband trade he had accumulated quite a little pile, and planted colonies right along the coast : had the country surveyed, discovered a vein of iron ore, sent home specimens and word to his friends that he had "struck it rich" "on a silver mine." His friends in the old country suddenly found out that they loved him immensely, and began to look up anecdotes concerning his progenitors and the status of their own relationship, and numbers of them found life unendurable

so far away, so they longed to be near their friend and in the vicinity of his *silver mine*; but after their arrival they found he was mistaken in the quality of the material, for the silver proved to be the shining specular iron, yet found on Digby Neck. Then his relatives suddenly lost their affection and all wanted "to go home," but De Monts quietly left them in his new colony and went home himself, and afterwards returned, bringing several more colonists and also a *respectable* lawyer by the name of L'Escarböt, who soon quieted the murmurings of the former lot, by informing them that, if they returned, they would be sent to the galleys, so he advised them to devote their energies to the introduction of agriculture and the importation of domestic animals. There is but little doubt that it was from acts of violence committed by such characters as De Monts, Cartier, Poutrincourt and others, who were the first voyagers to America, upon the natives, that they were induced to cherish that spirit of retaliation that was afterwards so terribly manifested upon whole villages of European settlers, when neither sex nor age was spared from the tomahawk and scalping knife. In the year 1625, Charles I. renewed a patent formerly granted by James I., in the year 1621, to Sir William Alexander, in which he gave away "all the country from the St. Croix to the St. Lawrence," including "the whole course of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of California," which included the whole of Canada and the chief part of the United States. An order of Baronets were created to hold jurisdiction over the country, and they solemnly assembled on the castle hill of Edinburgh, Scotland, to take legal possession and rule over a world unknown. Another instance of the bounty of a liberal monarch, some of the Baronets never even visited

their possessions that had been so freely bestowed, but those who did come found the French already in possession, and not in the least disposed to give up their possessions peaceably. From that on at different times there was nothing but periodic quarrelling and fighting between the French and English settlers, but the French, with the aid of the Priests, got a little ahead, for they offered a premium for their men to marry with the Micmacs and other tribes of Indians, and by a Frenchman marrying a squaw, and an Indian a French woman, they made their interests mutual, and gained a savage ally in time of war, and also produced a tribe of mongrels who reside in the Province to this day. During the 17th century barbarities of the most horrible description were practised upon the rival settlers, and when they could find no rivals to practice on they turned upon their own countrymen, after the style of "Charnissé," of Penobscot, besieging Madame La Tour, on the St. John, but that woman fought him gallantly, and it was not until after several attacks in different years that he was enabled to subdue the brave little Dame.

The Province of New Brunswick extends nearly North and South, and lies between $45^{\circ} 5'$ and $48^{\circ} 20'$ N. lat., and between $63^{\circ} 50'$ and 68° W. long., forming an irregular square between Nova Scotia and Canada. On the north it is bounded by the Bay Chaleurs and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which separate it from Gaspé; west by the Restigouche river; on the east it extends to the Gulf; a Peninsula joins it to Nova Scotia on the south-east, and it is separated from that Province on the south by the Bay of Fundy; on the west it meets the State of Maine. It contains some 26,000 square miles, and is probably the richest in minerals of the Lower Provinces. There is a great diver-

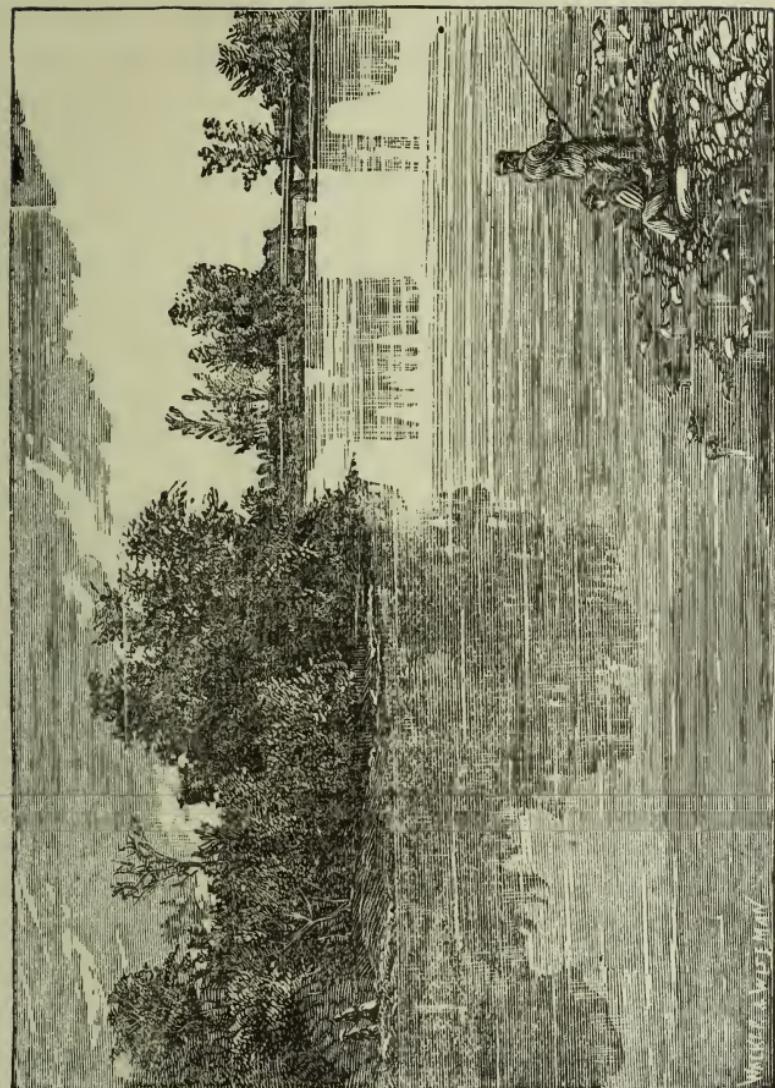


MIC-MAC VILLAGE.

sity in the appearance of the Province : the lands on the whole northern coast slope gradually down beneath the sea ; the water is generally shallow, and along the ocean border there are banks of sand and shingle. The water in all the river channels is deep enough to admit the largest ships. On the northern side or coast of Gaspé the shores frequently present bold over-hanging cliffs. Along the coast of the Bay of Fundy there is a tract of hilly country, but few of which attain any considerable degree of elevation. The scenery is wild and picturesque ; bold cliffs and rugged precipices, deep valleys, the quiet lake, and the dashing waterfall are often presented at a single view ; the forests in summer time appear like green waves rising above each other. The north-eastern side from Bay Verte to Bathurst presents a low and level surface, unbroken by hills. Marshes, bottom lands and peat bogs are peculiar to this tract, and extend in a S W. direction to the river St. John, and is the region of the coal fields of New Brunswick, covering an area of some 5,000 square miles. The Grand Falls of St. John are only surpassed by the cataract of Niagara, and are some 200 miles from the mouth of the river. Having its waters considerably increased by its numerous branches, the river sweeps through the country, and expands itself into a beautiful basin just above the cataract, but the basin is suddenly contracted and, the river turning to the south rushes into a deep rocky gorge only 250 feet wide ; the water falls into the gorge from the front and from each side, and the river makes a leap of 58 feet over a perpendicular cliff. In the mist is seen the rainbow, and clouds of white spray float over the cataract, whilst the noise of the water pouring over the rocks reminds one of Niagara itself. The entire fall of the river at this point is some 116

feet. In the freshets of the spring the broken ice for many miles drifts down the river, and in the shallow water close up and collect in enormous masses, forming what is called an "ice jam," and the pent-up water extends far and wide, causing a freshet that sweeps away cattle, buildings and everything within its reach : logs, trees and dwellings are borne along, and aid in forming the obstruction, whilst the inhabitants themselves, having reached higher ground, form interesting groups as washed-out families.

The surface of New Brunswick presents a confusion of heterogeneous substances, but it will be found upon inspection that not only the rocks but the soils succeed each other in regular rotation or strata : the rock itself is first seen protruding through the soil or rising into mountain ranges, yet the action of heat, frost, moisture, and other meteoric agents are constantly reducing the flinty mass, and forming a fertile soil which, if not retained on the table lands and slopes, is carried by the torrents down to the valleys to render them more favorable for agricultural purposes ; then come boulders and, succeeding these, extensive beds of gravel, sand and clay, above which the soil, varying in thickness, and differing only from the general deposit beneath in being reduced to a finer state, and by containing remains of the vegetation that once flourished upon it. The soil derived from trap rock contains much potash, and almost always produces hard wood, such as beech, birch, maple, oak, ash and butternut. Granite and syenite soil are also favorable to those growths, but where there is a sufficient depth of earth, and the land is sandy, white and red pine grow to a large size ; but, owing to the incursions and raids made upon the timber of the province, in the course of a few years the supply will be



FISHING ON THE RISTIGOUCHE.

thoroughly exhausted. The people of New Brunswick claim that their vegetables are the finest produced in America and they certainly have some grounds for that belief, although they have competitors in both Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island; but their potatoes are as near perfection as can be found, and are both so delicious in flavor and mealy to look upon that would make the heart of an Irishman rejoice. Apples, turnips and hen fruit, (or eggs) are produced in great varieties. Many may disparage the statements concerning the product of the fowl, but it is so—there are over sixteen varieties of aigs produced in this province.

The climate differs but little from the province of Lower Canada; frost is seen some seven months in the year. In the summer twilight is seen after nine o'clock in the evening, whilst daybreak occurs at two in the morning. The aurora borealis is very brilliant at all seasons. The break-up usually occurs during April, and by May the weather becomes settled. It is still in tradition that, after the wizard was expelled from the Isle of Man, he came to New Brunswick and brought with him his art of covering the country with a fog in order to delude and befog his enemies. The climate is a healthy one, and without a doctor can get hold of a genuine Old Country patient, or invent some new disease, he has a hard row to weed to get a living. Most of the practitioners generally board around like a school-master, and look out for chances, such as broken legs and accidents to lumbermen or river drivers.

Whilst one of the industries, like that of Quebec, is the making of maple sugar, from which occupation considerable revenue is derived by the inhabitants, it might become a source of profit, and quite health-giving for a company to

form in order to invite young Englishmen and Americans from the cities to take a trip to the province, in order to shoot moose, cariboo and deer, or trap for bear and beaver. There was a real Virginian deer seen here in 1818, and the skins of the other animals are valuable when obtained. Fishing, both lake and river, can be indulged in, with considerable success. Salmon are plentiful in most rivers, and rise freely at a proper fly, and will afford the angler admirable sport. Trout are numerous in almost all streams, and are taken by the children, with a baited hook, fastened to a piece of twine on the end of a light pole. The best fly to fish with is the red hackle, and the weight of the fish is from a half pound to six pounds. The Tobique, Aroostook, Miramichi, Nepisiquit, Upsalquitch, and Restigouche are the best rivers for sport. Salt-water fisheries have always been a source of revenue and income to the province, but, through the enterprise and energy of the Americans, the "Brunswickers" are being rapidly crowded out, and their industry monopolized—mackerel, herring, gaspereau and cod, being the chief kinds sought, and this industry alone gives employment to some thousands of men. The boats employed are well-fitted, staunch and sea-worthy, and on leaving are filled to the hatches with salt, empties and provisions. Along the deck are empty puncheons and casks, whilst for each man six mackerel lines, completely fitted, are attached to the stanchions in the bulwarks. The hooks used are about the size of salmon hooks, with a jig or bright piece of metal, which in the water, resembles the sepia. Nets are sometimes used. When in with a "school" herring and other fish, pork, old rags, red shirts, and other materials, are thrown into a bait mill and ground up, the inside of the mill containing

a revolving set of sharp knives, and the product, upon being turned out, is something like putrid sausage meat—this is called poheegan or squash—and, when signs are on, a hogshead of this mixture is thrown overboard, and the mackerel rise in shoals, covering at times the surface of the water for miles, and for hours afterwards all hands are actively employed in hooking, jigging and drawing in the fish. Then, all of a sudden, as if by magic, the fish disappear, and the vessel has to move to new grounds. The Americans have got the science of fishing down so fine that they can come into the ports of the provinces, and sell fish, at a profit to themselves, at less figures than a native can afford to catch them for. The inhabitants of the coasts and islands engage in the different employments of agriculture, fishing and lumbering, therefore they cannot devote their attention entirely to one pursuit.

In conclusion, I would advise the traveller to devote some time in exploration of the province, for he will find it both an interesting and instructive pursuit.

EDUCATION AND COMMERCE.

There is no doubt but that the various educational, literary, historical and other societies and institutions, with the museums, art and geological societies, have done more in effecting a thorough reform in the habits of the people, and of educating the masses to a better knowledge of themselves and their fellow men, than the outward followers of the forms of Christianity are willing to acknowledge or admit, for where there is education amongst the masses and a thorough knowledge of their fellows, there also is charity, the greatest of the christian virtues, not in theory, but in practice, and it is my humble opinion that were these insti-

tutions more liberally encouraged and fostered in our midst, the time would not be far distant when at least three-fourths of the various preachers' services could be easily dispensed with, to the benefit and welfare of the entire community, and the country at large. The fault has often been laid to misrepresentation of the country that has retarded its growth, and that the climate has been maligned, that its severe and protracted winters have been thoroughly exposed and shown up, and its summers have been quoted for their intense heat, but with all that, they seem to have lost sight of the fact that it is not the rigors of climate that retard emigration and the peopling of the country, but the excessive individualism of those already here, for whilst one section of the community use every endeavor to build up into a prosperous condition the country at large, the greater portion, with men in power to aid them, seem to be intent, for present gain or advantage, to pull down or render subservient to their will the interests of the whole community. It is only the education which these institutions can afford that will become the medium of enlightening the people, and remove far from them the narrow sectarianism and jealousies that now exist. Amongst the earliest of these various societies scattered now happily throughout the Dominion was the Mechanics Institute of Montreal, founded in the year 1828, at which time it was called the Montreal Mechanics Institution, and confirmed under that name until 1835. The present Institute was formed in 1845, the corner stone of the building was laid some ten years afterwards by the Hon. Mr. Justice Badgley, Q.C., and he carried frills enough with the name to ensure success, for he was M. P. P., Right Wor. Prov. G. M. of F. & A. M. of B. N. A.

Amongst those who earliest recognized the benefit of educating the masses in the most common-sense way, we find the names of H. Bulmer, G. W. Weaver, N. B. Corse, G. Cruikshank, R. Irwin, H. Munroe, D. Brown and others, who have all been actively and earnestly engaged in benefiting their fellow men, and trying to implant in the worker the feeling that he is a thinking and reasonable being, and so far their efforts seem crowned with success, for at the present time the library contains some 8707 volumes, whilst the circulation during the year 1880 was some 14,296. Financially the effort is a success, doubtless in part owing to the untiring zeal manifested by the Superintendent, Mr. S. M. Sansum, who has been actively engaged in supplying mental food to his fellow men for a period extending over nineteen years in the present Institute.

Whilst such institutions were gradually disseminating knowledge amongst the communities in which they were located, there were still another class of men who were actively engaged in enlightening the countrymen generally in the mysteries of trade, and giving on each visit some insight into the mode of carrying on business in other sections, and these were the commercial travellers, a class that the country in general owe considerable to, as an aid to its prosperity. In 1873 the total value of imports of the Dominion was some \$68,522,776, whilst in 1877 it was but \$39,572,239, being a falling off during those years of \$28,950,521, but with increased prosperity of the South and West, and the activity displayed on part of the merchants and their commercial representatives throughout the country, the total imports for the year 1880 amounted to \$86,489,747, showing an increase in three years of \$46,917,508, of which P. E. I. was credited with

\$200,462.49; Nova Scotia, \$1,245,910.42; New Brunswick, \$393,809.52; Ontario, \$5,113,238.51; Quebec, \$6,048,621.57; Manitoba, \$298,929.15; N. W. Territories, \$21,856.38; and British Columbia, \$455,986.70. Whilst the total exports from the Dominion in 1873 amounted to \$87,750,592, in 1877 the monetary value was \$70,907,303, which in 1880 had risen to \$82,918,828, and will, with an equal amount of energy displayed, by far exceed those figures during the present year. Although each city from the Lower to the Upper Provinces seems to send its representatives to assist in procuring trade, still the spirit evinced by some of them in the Lower Provinces, through the medium of narrow and sectional legislation, seems to be a despicable one, and shows that, although willing to gain all for their own advancement, still they concede nothing, and by these means encourage a system of rivalry that cannot but be detrimental to their own interests in the end;—so it is that, in order to break up to some extent the sectionalism, and to render interests mutual and for the benefit of the whole country, the various C. T. Associations have commenced to foster a spirit of liberality, and, as these institutions are productive of considerable good, we will notice some of their features. It is well known that travelling men generally are a good-natured, sociable set of men at home in any community and under all circumstances in which they may find themselves placed, sociable, generous sometimes even to a fault, with an eye to business and the establishing of a good name and reputation for the firm in whose employment they are. The knowledge of these facts being soon known throughout the country the unfortunate traveller becomes the victim of every imposition that avarice or cupidity could suggest, or

put in practice. Not only were impositions practised upon these enterprising men throughout the country, but some few men in whose employ they happened to be (fortunately so few in number as not to constitute a distinct class) thought the seemingly happy and careless fellows legitimate prey, and did not hesitate, under various guises, to appropriate the mere pittance promised their representative for faithful service, thus at times forcing him to work for nothing. Some of such employers were outwardly supposed to be men of high social or moral status, but, having acquired money, were willing yet to grovel amongst the mud and ashes from whence they arose. With a view of remedying to some extent these evils and impositions, and also to better protect the interests of the traveller as a class, an association was formed in the year 1865 for the furtherance of this object. Amongst the earliest workers we find R. C. Simpson, now Secretary of the D. C. T. A., Montreal, R. Cuthbert, and others; but it was not until the year 1872 that the C. T. A. of Canada was thoroughly formed or assumed any proportions. At that time Mr. Warring Kennedy was elected President, and Mr. J. Patterson Secretary, with two Vice-Presidents and a board of Directors, comprising twenty business men throughout the country. The association, after their first meeting, secured for the travelling community many of the advantages they now enjoy, since which time assurance has been added and rights enforced and protected. On the 22nd of February, 1875, the Dominion Commercial Travellers' Association was organized, with a membership that year of but 227, but has since grown to over 1000, holding a surplus fund to its credit in the hands of its bankers of over \$25,000.00, which it is intended to use for benevolent purposes dan

the protection of the interests of its members. This was accumulated after covering each member with an accident policy for the protection of their families, which speaks well for excellent management of its affairs and the interest taken in the work by its officers. The present officers are: James A. Cantlie, President, a gentleman who has taken an active interest in the affairs of travelling men since the year 1863 ; A. Gowdy, Vice-President ; R. C. Simpson, Secretary-Treasurer. The Dominion Association have lately tested and won the St. John, N.B., license cases, and are now actively engaged in testing the same tax at Quebec. Should they be fortunate enough to remove these outward obstacles, and look a little closer into the affairs of their members, they will find grievances yet to adjust that will take some time, but they will receive the thanks of the entire community that take "the road." There are several societies now organized with the same objects in view, and located both in Toronto, Hamilton, London and Guelph, all of whom seek to welcome the stranger representing either a business house or a community. Manufacturers or their representatives whilst visiting this country, whether on business or pleasure, should call and identify themselves with one or the other of these associations, for the information they would receive regarding the business of the country would fully compensate them for a trip even across the Atlantic to acquire. In conclusion I would say that, to the energy and persistence of its travellers and business men the Dominion and country dealer owe much, not only for excellence of the goods brought to his very door but for the enterprise in placing before the merchant in outlying districts European products and designs as soon as the goods were laid before the public on the other side, and

Could I but pour out the nectar the gods only can,
I would fill up my glass to the brim,
And drink the success of the travelling man,
And the house represented by him ;
And could I but tincture the glorious draught
With his smiles, as I drank to him then,
And the jokes he has told, and the laughs he has laughed,
I would fill up the goblet again—

And drink to the sweetheart who gave him good-bye
With a tenderness thrilling him this
Very hour, as he thinks of the tear in her eye
That salted the sweet of her kiss ;
To her truest of hearts and her fairest of hands
I would drink, with all serious prayers,
Since the heart she must trust is a travelling man's,
And as warm as the ulster he wears.

I would drink to the wife, with the babe on her knee,
That awaits his returning in vain—
Who breaks his brief letters so tremulously,
And reads them again and again !
And I'd drink to the feeble old mother who sits
At the warm fireside of her son,
And murmurs and weeps o'er the stockings she knits,
As she thinks of the wandering one.

I would drink a long life and a health to the friends
Who have met him with smiles and with cheer—
To the generous hand that the stranger extends
To the wayfarer journeying here.
And at last, when he turns from this earthly abode,
And pays the lastfare that he can,
Mine Host of the Inn at the end of the road
Will welcome the travelling man !

FINISH.

Regarding the apparent future of the Dominion but few words will suffice. This is but one Continent from the "Pole to Panama," then why should not interests be mutual, and the inhabitants brothers, let their residence be above the Lake of the Woods or below the table lands of Mexico. Whether Canada annexes the United States, or in time becomes a part and parcel of the country where so many Canadians have found a welcome and a home, would make but little difference to the people at large, and the amalgamation of interests would but be opposed by the politicians, who are, all over the Continent, each year losing more and more of the feeble hold and sway they have over the minds of the people, who are generally beginning to think and act independently and in accordance with their own ideas, in the interests of the whole country, instead of confining themselves to petty and sectional jealousies. But a short time since that despicable spirit was dominant, the Eastern Provinces would almost "Boycott" Quebec, whilst Ontario declared it her duty to form the friendships whereby she was most benefited, and opposed and hated Quebec, which hatred is generously returned; whilst Columbia declared that if she was too much governed by the East she would secede, and so leave the barren Eastern Provinces to their fate. These jealousies, although, as the North West settles up, each year will assume greater portions, and, from a mild murmur at first, will in time cause serious and bitter trouble all along the border, for the people will hardly have the meekness of the old-time Lowlander to allow the "Picts" and "Scots" to invade and despoil at their pleasure. The countries are one in land, but the people are the opposites in character. When the Canadian or European crosses the

border he is made to feel that he is welcome, and urged to become a citizen, but when the stranger arrives in Canada he is literally frozen out, even the religious community joining in the belief that, to assist the new comer to obtain a foot-hold, would not be "business," for fear he would become independent both in thought and action.

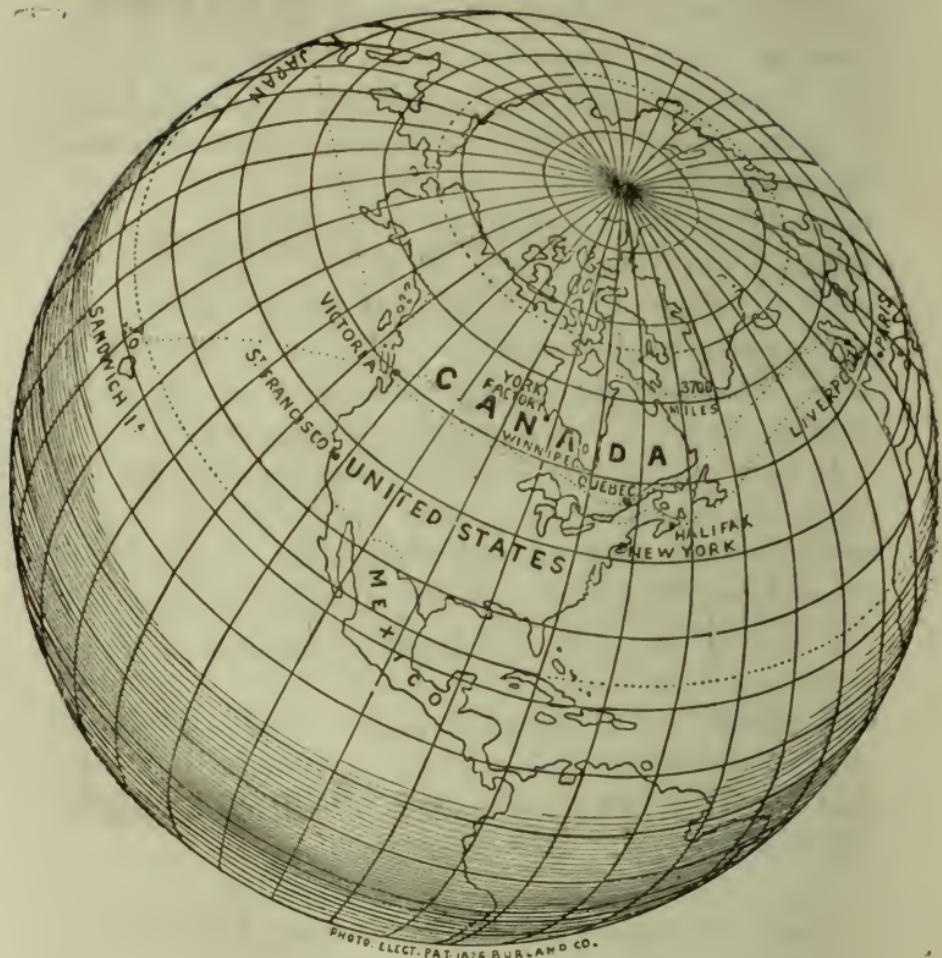
It is somewhat remarkable to notice how closely in all respects the lands of the far North West resemble those of the far South on the Northern Continent of America, or the country bordering on the Arctic circle becomes a counterpart of that portion lying near the equator. The same barren stretches of everlasting sand ; the tangled cypress undergrowths and swamps, amid whose precincts frogs abound in myriads and keep up a continuous concert : some emit sounds like hammering on thin tin, others seem to mimic the hoot of the owl, others squeak, whilst above all the hoarse basso profundo of the genuine bullfrog makes itself heard, and lets folks know "he's thar." They and the wild fowl that frequent the locality in the spring and fall with the squirrels, and seem to be the only denizens of these vast tracts, the knotted everglades, the strips of fertile and productive soil, with the salt marshes and salt springs that at some future time will, no doubt, become a source of revenue, and with the assistance of Artesian wells (should pure and drinkable water be found in their vicinity) may become the means of attracting quite a little community of settlers for the development of the industry of salt evaporation and export. The mountain ranges and broken ground all have their fac-similes above lat. 50° N., and below lat. 34° . N., therefore the commercial interests of both these extreme sections are to all intents and purposes identical ; the seasons in the southern portion

being neither so severe, nor yet so limited in duration, although more prone to enervating fevers, than those of the far North, but where frost is seen almost every night in the year, and ice forms in August, the constitution and frame must be one of iron in order to withstand its rigors. It will therefore become a matter for deep and earnest thought and consideration to the intendent citizen, whether he be from the provinces or from the older countries, to fully determine how and where to select his place of destination, for a mistake at the start to a man of family may be fatal to the energies of a lifetime; therefore very little heed should be paid to the agents of large corporations, who for the most part have little interest in promoting the welfare of the new comer, and whose chief aims are to get settlers located on the lands represented by themselves, and to receive their salary and commission, sometimes earning it at the expense of the lifetime happiness of those whom they have induced to come. That the older countries and Canada are to attempt a governmental organized system of emigration, in order to colonize the far west with permanent settlers, seems to be a conceded fact, but after offering, perhaps, superior inducements for a while, whether the Bureau will not degenerate into a mere political machine, yet remains to be seen. It is therefore probably far the best course to pursue in determining a location, to obtain and act upon advice from parties directly residing in the district desired, and to rely more thoroughly on the statements of extensive property owners, who at once become neighbors, and who represent the interests of the whole community. Should the citizens of the upper and lower provinces become more liberal in their views on the encouragement, and welcome the new arrival to a home in

their respective provinces, no doubt it would not only redound to the benefit of the community, but assist materially in adding to the wealth of the province itself; whilst on the other hand citizens leaving the older portions for the West would at once be climated, and with a knowledge of the obstacles to be met and overcome. In many portions of New Brunswick, Quebec, along the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa rivers, and in the province of Ontario are opportunities offered to the settler and investor which in many respects are unrivaled, but a spirit of pride in being an American will have to be first evinced, and the spirit of jealousy and sectionalism obliterated, before any great influx of either capital or labor can be induced to assist in building up the prosperity of a section, or in working altogether in the interests of the country.

It was the intention to include some anecdotes on the freaks of Canadian justice, some of the beauties of the mercantile and other systems of agencies, together with some of the idiosyncrasies of their public characters, but wait until better acquaintance enables me to speak with accuracy and having the notes. I would say to my readers that, should they be pleased with this effort don't laugh aloud, until you read "Canada and its Servants," or Public men vs. the Country. The book will be published this Fall (D. V.)

THE CONTINENT



FROM THE POLE TO PANAMA.

CAMPBELL'S




STILL maintains its high reputation as a faithful preparation of Quinine, combined with pure wine and vegetable aromatics.

IT HAS BEEN PROVED AN INVALUABLE REMEDY
IN CASES OF

*LOSS OF APPETITE,
DYSPEPSIA,
LOWNESS OF SPIRITS,
INDIGESTION.*

and for the prevention of malarial diseases in low-lying and agueish parts of the country. Many poor and cheap imitations are in the market, but the above is the original and genuine, having had a steadily increasing sale for more than twelve years.

IT MAY BE HAD AT

The Medical Hall, St. James Street,

AND ITS BRANCHES :

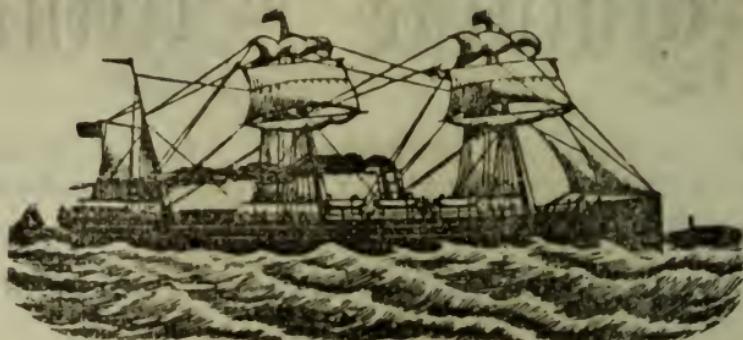
PHILLIPS SQUARE & WINDSOR HOTEL:

AND WHOLESALE FROM

Kenneth Campbell & Co.,
134 St. Francois Xavier St.,
MONTREAL.

DOMINION LINE OF STEAMSHIPS

Running in Connection with the
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.



Company's Fleet.

SARNIA.....	3,850	OREGON.....	3,850
BROOKLYN.....	3,575	MONTREAL	3,284
TORONTO.....	3,284	ONTARIO.....	3,175
DOMINION.....	3,175	TEXAS.....	2,750
TRUTONIA.....	2,700	MISSISSIPPI.....	2,600
QUEBEC.....	2,600	ST. LOUIS.....	2,000

Sailing between Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal in Summer, and Liverpool, Halifax and Portland, in winter, calling at Belfast on the passage from Liverpool.

Cabin Passage Tickets \$50.00

Return 90.00

Steerage Passage Tickets from Liverpool 24.00

Children under 12 years, Half Fare ; under 1 year Free.

PREPAID STEERAGE CERTIFICATES

To bring passengers from principal points in Great Britain, Ireland, and all parts of Europe, to any important Railway Station in Canada, or the United States, at the Lowest possible Rates.

Through Tickets can be had at all the principal Grand Trunk Railway Ticket Offices in Canada, and through Bills of Lading are granted to and from all parts of Canada.

For Passage Tickets or Rates of Freight

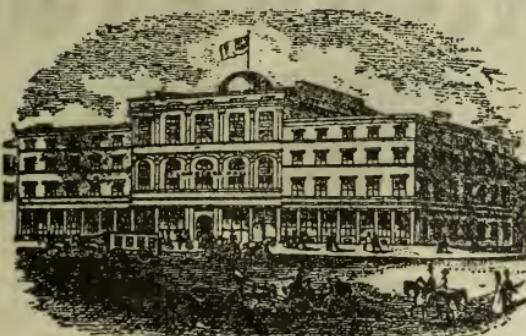
Apply in Liverpool to Messrs. Flinn, Main & Montgomery, Managing Director, 24 James St. ; in London, Gracie & Hunter, 96 Leadenhall St. ; in Belfast, Henry Gowan, 29 Donegall Quay ; in Queenstown, John Dawson & Co. ; in Glasgow, Robert Duncan & Co., 97 Union St. ; in Londonderry, Frederick Dawson, 42 Foyle St. ; in Bristol, John Anderson, 146 Victoria St. ; in Cardiff, Richard Benjamin, 14 Trinity St. ; in Toronto, G. W. Torrance, 65 Front St. East ; in Quebec, W. M. Macpherson, Peter St. ; or to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent.

David Torrance & Co.,
GENERAL AGENTS,
8 HOSPITAL ST., MONTREAL.

THE MOST HOMELIKE, COMFORTABLE

AND WELL APPOINTED HOTEL IN THE DOMINION,

The St. Lawrence Hall,



ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

HENRY HOGAN, PROPRIETOR,

St. James Street, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

For Merchants, Travellers and Business Men, this noted Hotel is most admirably situated, next to the Banks, Post Office, and within a block to the "Notre Dame Cathedral". Whilst for Summer Travellers and Tourists the view from its roof, windows and verandahs lays the whole city and the majestic St. Lawrence river at their feet, with the famed Mount Royal as a relief.

In former days this hotel was preferred by Royalty, and since the acquirement of the property by Mr. Hogan the hotel has been put into thorough order, and every improvement that skill can suggest added.

Its musical and parlor entertainments, together with the excellence of its cuisine, make it the favorite with all.

Mr. Sam. Montgomery, well and favorably known in the West, takes the entire management, so visitors, whether from Europe or California Labrador or Texas, are assured of a thorough and hearty welcome.

CHARGES MODERATE.

*Special arrangements for families and visitors remaining
by the month.*

**HENRY HOGAN,
PROPRIETOR.**

*Intending visitors from Europe should send Postal Card before sailing,
to ensure being met on arrival, and all difficulties regarding baggage,
etc., will be attended to.*

VISITORS AND TRAVELLERS,

Whether from the United States or Europe, should not fail, whilst in Montreal, to call at the old stand of

R. W. COWAN & CO.



HATTERS and FURRIERS,
Corner Notre Dame & Peter streets,
 MONTREAL, CANADA.

—
 MANUFACTURERS OF

Ladies', Gents' & Children's Fine Furs, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Have constantly in stock and on hand

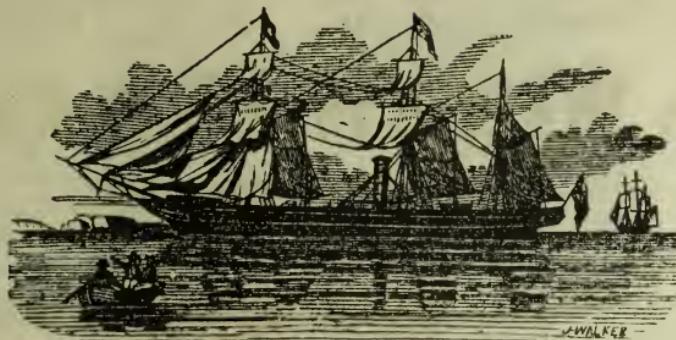
Coats, Sacques, Fur-Lined Circulars, Caps, Gauntlets and
 Fancy Robes.

Visitors should bear in mind that this is the cheapest market in which to purchase furs, &c., in the Dominion of Canada.

Orders received both from home and abroad, and entire satisfaction guaranteed.

R. W. COWAN & CO.,
 MONTREAL.

BEAVER LINE.



CANADA SHIPPING COMPANY.

(Running in Connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.)

This Line is composed of the following First Class Clyde-built Iron Steamships, built in Water tight Compartments, and unsurpassed for strength and comfort :

<i>Lake Huron</i> ,	4,100 tons.....	Capt. —
<i>Lake Winnipeg</i> ,	3,300 tons.....	Capt. W. BERNSON.
<i>Lake Manitoba</i> ,	3,300 tons.....	Capt. G. B. SCOTT.
<i>Lake Champlain</i> ,	2,300 tons.....	Capt. W. STEWART.
<i>Lake Nepigon</i> ,	2,300 tons.....	Capt. H. CAMPBELL.

The Steamships of this Line are all of large carrying capacity, will insure at lowest current rates, have superior accommodation for passengers and will sail from Liverpool for Quebec and Montreal every THURSDAY, and from Montreal for Liverpool every WEDNESDAY.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

CABIN.—Montreal to Liverpool \$50.00, return \$90.00.

STEERAGE.—At lowest current rates.

Through Bills of Lading and Tickets are issued to and from all parts of Canada and the Western States.

For Freight and other particulars apply in Liverpool to the Canada Shipping Co., 21 Water St., in Glasgow to P. RINTOUL, SON & CO.; in London, to R. MONTGOMERIE, 82 Mark Lane; in Canada at all the Offices of the Grand Trunk Ry., or to

THOMPSON, MURRAY & CO.,
1 CUSTOM HOUSE SQUARE,
MONTREAL.

THE MAGOG HOUSE.



SHERBROOKE, P.Q.

F. P. BUCK,

Proprietor.

This hotel, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Magog and St. Francis rivers, is one of the finest and best conducted hotels in the Eastern Townships, is also in the centre of business and in close proximity to the Post Office, Banks and City Hall.

For Summer tourists and visitors generally it has advantages that few hotels in the Dominion can offer.

The view of the Falls from its balconies, and the murmuring of the rapids, which in the course of half a mile fall some 119 feet, both surprise and please the visitor, and create a feeling of forgetfulness in the mind that is not soon obliterated, and aid in making this a most desirable house in which to sojourn.

Commercial travellers always welcome. Good sample rooms and special facilities offered.

Special rates by the month.

Free Omnibuses meet all trains on arrival.

Livery in connection.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
 THE GREAT
INTERNATIONAL ROUTE
 BETWEEN THE
ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.
 THROUGH TICKETS
 TO AND FROM
**MONTRÉAL, QUEBEC, PORTLAND, NEW YORK,
 BOSTON, KINGSTON, GUELPH, TORONTO,
 SARNIA, LONDON, DETROIT,
 CHICAGO, TEXAS, KANSAS, and SAN FRANCISCO
 AND THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.**

Close Connection made at Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo for various routes to the East and West, also via Montreal and the Victoria Bridge for Eastern States and Lower Provinces.

ELEGANT DINING CARS ARE RUN ON THIS ROUTE.

NO CHANGE VIA THIS ROUTE
BETWEEN MONTREAL AND CHICAGO.

THE ONLY LINE RUNNING
Pullman Palace Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars
 Through to Chicago, without change.

The Great Excursion Route during the Summer season in connection with the Richelieu and Ontario Line of Steamers from

NIAGARA FALLS,

Or Kingston down the Far-Famed St. Lawrence Rapids, passing the Victoria Bridge for Montreal, Quebec, the Saguenay, White Mountains, Lakes Champlain and George, and the Hudson River to New York.

Passengers to Manitoba and the North-West Territories, via Sarnia and the Lakes, or via Chicago and Milwaukee, also for all points in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, and the Pacific Coast, will find this the most pleasant and direct route. Every facility afforded for through tickets at the most favorable fares.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

Steel Rails, First-Class Rolling Stock, Courteous Employees, and every facility afforded.

W. WAINWRIGHT,
 Genl. Pass. Agent, Montreal.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
 General Manager.

IMPROVED PATENT HEEL SUPPORTS.

— MANUFACTURED BY —

T. C. MOSS, WINDSOR, ONT.

Warranted to keep the

*COUNTERS AND HEELS OF BOOTS AND SHOES
FROM RUNNING OVER.
WILL NOT COME LOOSE BY WEARING.*

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

For sale by all dealers in Leather and Findings, Hardware, and Boots and Shoes.

Only requires three sizes for all heights of heels for Men's, Boys' and Ladies Boots and Shoes.

No. 1 is used only on Ladies' and Children's Shoes, or low Shoe Heels.

No. 2 IS THE SIZE MOSTLY USED, AND MEETS THE DEMAND OF NEARLY ALL HEIGHTS OF HEELS ON MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS.

No. 3 is used only on Extremely High Heels.

T. C. MOSS,
Sole Manufacturer:

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

FIRST.—It has double the support on the top where the pressure comes on the counter in walking.

SECOND.—It has a long screw slot, to admit of placing the screw in the centre of any of the lifts in the heel, instead of between them, where a simple screw hole would compel them to be placed.

THIRD.—It does away with the necessity of dealers keeping six or eight sizes in order to supply the demand for the different heights of heels.

FOURTH.—A very important feature of this support is the FLANGE which extends under the bottom of the heel, and fastens down through it, thereby making it impossible to become loose by rough use. When the flange is entirely worn off by long use, the support may still be held firmly in its place by placing another screw in the bottom of the screw-slot.

SAMPLE BOXES sent to the Trade on Receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Good Discounts given to the Wholesale Trade.
Give them a Trial, and I am sure you will use no other support. Address all orders to

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

T. C. MOSS, Windsor, Ont.

OTTAWA

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

Travellers, Tourists and Canadians

Generally should remember that the famed RUSSELL HOUSE is now undergoing extensive alterations, and when the new addition is complete will be one of the most

RECHERCHE HOUSES IN THE DOMINION,

Fitted with every improvement that Art or Science can suggest, making it at once the most desirable and most comfortable in Canada

Cool, Neat and Comfortable Rooms.

CUISINE THE BEST THE COUNTRY AFFORD,

Whilst its appointments are strictly first-class,

A Genial Host, who anticipates the wants and needs of its guests.

In close proximity to the Houses of Parliament and Business Centres of the city.

LOVELY DRIVES, FINE SCENERY, AND GOOD GROUNDS FOR RECREATION, NEAR AT HAND.

An excellent Livery in connection with the Hotel.

J. A. GOUIN,
Proprietor.

No inconvenience to guests whilst improvements are being added. International Postal Cards will always receive prompt attention.

Poliwka's Standard Goods.



POLIWKA'S IMPERIAL BORAX IS GOOD FOR

WASHING AND STARCHING, BATHING AND SHAMPOOING, ROUGH FACE AND CHAPPED HANDS, CLEANING THE TEETH, CLEANING HAIR BRUSHES, DRESSING ULCERS, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORES of any kind, Bruises, Abrasion of the skin, Piles, Sore Nipples, &c., SORE MOUTHS—Gum Boils, Thrush, Hoarseness, Dryness in the Mouth, DISINFECTING PURPOSES, ARRESTING FERMENTATION, REMOVING COCKROACHES, Ants and other Vermin, PREVENTING MOTHS, REMOVING STAINS from Marble, WASHING WINDOWS, MILK CANS, GREASY DISHES, &c., &c.,

Try it and be Convinced!

Ask your Grocer or Chemist for

POLIWKA'S IMPERIAL BORAX,

and don't allow other doubtful makes to be palmed off on you. If your Grocer or Chemist do not keep it, please give them our address, and oblige

Your obedient servants,

EMIL POLIWKA & CO.,

32 34 & 36 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL.

POLIWKA'S IMPERIAL BORAX,

Is now widely known all through Canada, and a Staple Article with Grocers and Druggists.

This most important Household article, whose excellent qualities were comparatively unknown to the public at large until it was introduced by the undersigned, has now found its way into thousands of Canadian homes, and those who have used it will not do without it, as it soon saves its cost in many ways.

Pulverized Borax is often adulterated with alum, salt, or other ingredients. The undersigned has called his Borax "IMPERIAL," as it is the best ENGLISH BORAX which can be produced,—better than most American makes, and to assure the public that it is buying a pure article, he has had it analysed by DR. JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Public Analyst, whose certificate reads :

I hereby certify that I have analysed the IMPERIAL BORAX as imported in crystals, as ground in bulk, and, also, as put up in packages by Emil Poliwnka, and I find the same to be WELL REFINED and PURE BORAX, and well adapted for the various purposes for which it is recommended.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L.,
Professor Practical Chemistry, U.B.C., and
Public Analyst, Montreal.

[Montreal, May 10, 1878.

The high price at which Powdered Borax has been formerly sold, has kept it from coming into general use, but since the *Imperial Borax* has entered the Canadian market, it has come within the reach of all.

12 oz. packages retail at 25 Cents.
6 " " 15 "

And to give those who are unacquainted with the article an opportunity to try it, there are sample packages retailing at 5 cents, so that no one need be without it.

Full directions in English and French are enclosed in each package.

ITS USES.

Two ounces of the IMPERIAL BORAX will go further as a cleansing and bleaching agent than one pound of soda, ammonia, or washing powder, and it does not in the slightest degree injure any texture of cloth, which is a striking contrast to the effects of ammonia and some other detergents furnished by the Trade.

"THE FAVORITE" GELATINE.

Having for many years sold Gelatine in bulk and in one pound packages, we have often been asked by the Grocery Trade why we did not give the Public a Gelatine in a more convenient shape, of say one and two ounce packages. Seeing that there was an increasing demand for these goods, we have set to work to get up a Gelatine which in quality is equal to, and in style and get up handsomer than, anything in the market. We trust that our efforts will be crowned with success, and that

••• THE FAVORITE •••

will indeed become a favorite Gelatine with the Public.

We are at present putting up two sizes, "one quart," and "two quarts," and two styles, "Ground" and in "Shreds." Our wrappers will be uniform in get up, only the sides of the packages will differ in having the words "Ground," and "In Shreds" plainly printed on them. The "Ground" will be preferred by many on account of its dissolving quicker than the other.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT !

THE MESSENGER Steam Printing House.

The facilities now possessed by THE MESSENGER Office for
the execution of

Book and Job Printing
ARE UNSURPASSED.

FOUR STEAM PRESSES,
AND AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF
Latest Styles of Type,
Enable us to promptly fill all orders.

The Messenger

Is published every Friday Morning at \$1.25 a year,
in advance.

Having the largest amount of Reading matter in the Counties, and a
very heavy circulation among the best classes, it affords an excellent
advertising medium, terms for which are low. For local news of the
district it cannot be surpassed.

C. J. HYNES, Publisher.

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DRUG STORE,
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Prescriptions carefully compounded from Pure Drugs, at moderate
prices. Surgical Instruments and Books supplied. Our Order department
includes every thing in our line, and receives close attention.

CHARLES J. HYNES,

Proprietor.

48 Ford Street, Eagle Block.

Ogdensburg, New York, U.S.

THE

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

IS THE

MOST DIRECT ROUTE FROM CANADA

TO

All Points in the Eastern and Western States,

AND THE

POPULAR HIGHWAY TO MANITOBA

AND THE

North West Territories.

Experienced Agents sent in charge of large parties to attend to passing and clearing of passengers' effects through Customs.

Passengers from Europe via New York have an opportunity of viewing from Great Western Railway trains the world, famed

Falls of Niagara.

Through Palace Sleeping Car between Boston, New York, Rochester, Detroit and Chicago, and elegant day Coaches and Sleeping Cars between Suspension Bridge and Chicago.

LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING.

Dining Cars replete with all the delicacies of the season are attached to Atlantic and Pacific Express trains and run daily between
SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND CHICAGO.

Passengers taking this route have choice of the Rail Lines via Chicago, the old and reliable Detroit Grand Haven and Milwaukee via Grand Haven, crossing Lake Michigan in the new and commodious side wheel steamer, "CITY OF MILWAUKEE," or the boat lines leaving Sarnia, Southampton and Kincardine during season of Navigation.

RATES THE VERY LOWEST.

For Time Tables, &c., apply to Company's Station Masters and Agents, who will furnish fullest information.

Don't forget to see that your ticket reads via the Great Western Railway.

WM. EDGAR,*Gen. Pass. Agt.***F. BROUGHTON,***Gen. Manager.*

THE QUEEN'S, TORONTO, McGAW & WINNETT, PROPRIETORS.

The "Queen's" is the most comfortable and *Recherche* Hotel in the Dominion. Overlooking the Lake it commands a beautiful view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario. It is elegantly furnished throughout. Rooms *en suite* with bath-rooms attached. All its

APPOINTMENTS ARE STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

The Hotel has been patronized by Royalty on each visit from 1871, when it was selected by His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis and suite.

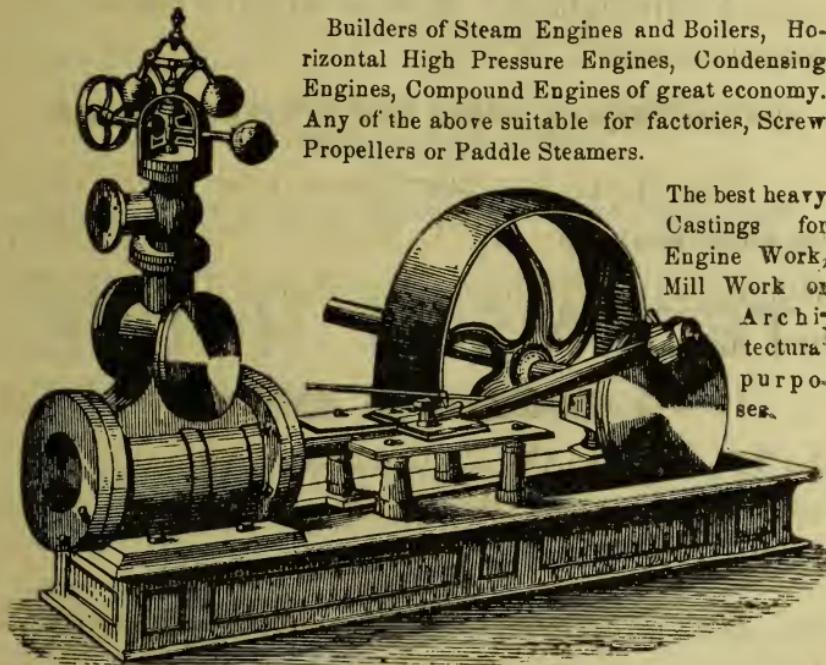
It was the favorite of His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, K. P., Governor General of Canada, and the Countess of Dufferin, on their visits to Toronto.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise with Prince Leopold and suite invariably honor the Hotel with their presence while in the City.

*Spacious and Airy Grounds with Chevalerie
and Croquet Lawns, &c.*

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ENGINE WORKS.
 BASIN No. 2, LACHINE CANAL,
AND 17 TO 29 MILL STREET, MONTREAL,
W. P. BARTLEY & CO.,
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Builders of Steam Engines and Boilers, Horizontal High Pressure Engines, Condensing Engines, Compound Engines of great economy. Any of the above suitable for factories, Screw Propellers or Paddle Steamers.



The best heavy
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 Engine Work,
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SPECIALTIES.

Shafting with Charlton's Patent Internal Clamp Couplings. Turbine Water Wheels of the most improved class for efficiency and great power. Very superior Propeller Screws. Yacht Engines and Boilers. Dredge Machinery and Railway Excavators. Iron Bridges and every description of Contractor's Plant.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

The Queen's Royal, NIAGARA, ONT.

MCGAW & WINNETT, - - - PROPRIETORS

The most delightful summer resort on the borders of the Lake, situated in the quaint old fashioned village of Niagara.

QUIET AND PEACEFUL SURROUNDINGS
away from the bustle of the world.

Good Fishing, Yachting, Fine Drives and Pleasant
Rambles can be indulged in.

Families and others wishing a pleasant summer residence cannot select a more desirable locality.

TECUMSEH HOUSE LONDON, ONT.

McGAW WINNETT & MOORE,
PROPRIETORS.

THE FINEST HOTEL IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

Excellent Accommodation for
TRAVELLERS AND COMMERCIAL MEN.

FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

 Livery attached to the House.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.,

MONTRÉAL.

HAMILTON, DUNLOP & CO.,

BRANTFORD.

IMPORTERS OF

Fine Brandies,

Champagnes,

Burgundies,

Hocks, Moselle and

Light Wines.

Boll and Duelop Gin, Bass & Co.'s Pale Ale.

Goods Sold either in Bond or Duty Paid.

Sole Agents for PELEE ISLAND WINES. The best native still Wines from Vin Villa Vineyards.

Native Sparkling Wines, SANS PAREIL and LE DIAMAND.

 Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

APPOLINARIS AND OTHER NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

SOLE AGENT FOR TURNERS BITTERS.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.,

St. Sacrement Street,

MONTRÉAL.

OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION CO.



MAIL LINE DAY STEAMERS

BETWEEN

MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Picturesque Scenery. Well-appointed Steamers.

Favorite Route for Tourists.

Steamer for OTTAWA leaves Lachine on arrival of train which leaves Bonaventure Depot at 7 a. m. daily. Fare from Montreal 1st Class, \$2.50; return, \$4.00.

This is the most direct of any route for passengers to the Celebrated Caledonia Springs.

Steamer leaves Queen's wharf, OTTAWA, daily, at 7 a.m., with passengers for Montreal,

RUNNING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

Short Excursions from Montreal, returning Down the Rapids (In the Cool of the Evening.)

To ST. ANNE'S by train at 9 30 a.m. or 12.30 p.m. daily (and 2 p.m. on Saturday) returning by Steamer at 4 p.m. Fare for round trip, 80 cents.

To CARILLON 50 miles up the river Ottawa, beautifully situated at foot of Rapids. Take 7 a.m. train for Lachine, to connect with Steamers, arriving in Montreal about 6.20 p.m. Fare for round trip from Montreal \$1.25 Saturdays \$1.00.

To LACHINE by 5 p.m. train, HOME by the RAPIDS, fare for round trip 50 cts.

To OTTAWA by Rail, returning next day by Rail or Steamer, this allowing half day to visit the Parliament Buildings, &c. Tickets for sale at Railway Offices, Hotels and Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure St., Montreal; R. C. W. MacCuaig's Office Sparks street and Queen Wharf, Ottawa.

R. W. SHEPHERD.

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 IMPORTERS OF
High Class Wines and Spirits, &c., &c.,
416 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

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Should remember that the duties on

European Fine Wines and Liquors in Canada

are but one half the amount paid to the U. S. Therefore whilst in Montreal, do not fail to inspect the fine assortment of goods kept by the above well-known house. Our list comprises the

Best Brands of Sherries,

Bordeaux Ports,

Champagnes,

Moselles,

Hocks,

BURGUNDIES, LIQUEURS, &c., &c.



Acting as Sole Agents for QUETTON ST. GEORGE & CO., we are enabled to place before the public the choicest and best selections from the European markets.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

**Ind Coope & Co., Burton Ales, Glencoe Scotch Whiskey,
 Bethesda Mineral Water, &c., &c.**

Travellers and Summer Visitors

Will find we aim to please. Our stock is of the best, whilst the choice of selection is in thoroughly competent hands.

J. B. CARTWRIGHT & CO.

VISITORS FROM THE Provinces, United States, the North West or Europe,

Should bear in mind that Clothing is far cheaper and of better quality in the City of Montreal than any other City in the Dominion, therefore whilst in Montreal, do not fail to visit

I. A. BEAUVAINS,
186 and 188 St. Joseph Street.



Latest Fashion and Newest Styles.

Paris, London, New York and Canadian

Our Cutters are not excelled by any in the Land, whilst our Styles and Fit are as near perfection as Art can render them.

We want but a few moments' notice to transmogrify the new arrival into a thorough Canadian to all appearance, owing to the completeness of our ready-made stock.

OUR SPECIALTIES ARE

Men's-ready made Clothing, Suits from \$5.00 or £1 0 0 upward.

Youths' and Boys' Clothes " " \$2.50 or £0 10 0 "

Gents' Furnishings, Hats and Caps. Newest Fashions.

Portmanteaux and Valises.

Shirts from 25c upwards. Suits made to order from \$9.00.

To our Western friends and customers from a distance we would state that all orders by Mail are promptly attended to, and goods returned by Express in the shortest possible time.

I. A. BEAUVAINS & CO.,

186 and 188 St. Joseph Street,

MONTREAL, CANADA.

PUBLISHED BY

DAWSON BROTHERS

ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Dawson's Tourist's Map of the Dominion of Canada; Showing all the Railways constructed or proposed. In pocket form, 75 cts. Mounted on cloth for pocket, \$1.25.

This is the most complete and portable map in the market, and it has been brought up to the year 1881. All the new lines of Railway are shown. It is clearly printed and nicely colored.

Dawson's Map of Manitoba, Keewatin, British Columbia, and the North West Territory. Paper, \$1.50. Cloth for pocket, \$3.00.

This is a map on a large scale for Travellers and Settlers. It has been brought up to 1881, and contains all the information collected on one clear map which is scattered over many government publications. It is an engraved map, and is clear and accurate.

The Emigrant and Sportsman in Canada. Some Experiences of an Old Country Settler, with Sketches of Canadian Life, Sporting Adventures, and Observations on the Forest and Farms. By John J. Rowan. With a map showing the distribution of game and fur-bearing animals, fishes for food and sport, and the distribution of forest trees. Price \$2.50.

The book contains practical and useful hints for Emigrants and Sportsmen; and as they are written by an Emigrant and Sportsman, they have special value for a class of Immigrants who are not considered in the Government Emigration Literature, namely, people of small fortune, whose means, though ample for Canada, are insufficient to meet the demands of rising expenses in England.

Picturesque Quebec. By J. M. LeMoine. (In Press.)

This book will be an 8vo volume. It will give a complete historical account of the city of Quebec from its foundation, and a topographical description of its streets, buildings and antiquities. It will also contain all the romantic and legendary history which has gathered around the ancient capital of New France. It will be published in July, 1881. Price \$2.00.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company

ROYAL MAIL LINE

) BETWEEN (

QUEBEC, MONTREAL, KINGSTON, TORONTO,
HAMILTON

AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS.

This Line is composed of the following First-Class Side Wheel Steamers,
viz :

QUEBEC, [Iron] - - - - - CAPTAIN NELSON
MONTREAL, " - - - - - BURN

Leaving Montreal at 7 P.M. and Quebec at 5 P.M., daily (Sundays
excepted), calling at Intermediate Ports.

) BETWEEN (

MONTREAL AND HAMILTON

CORSICAN, (Composite)	- - - - -	CAPTAIN SINCLAIR
SPARTAN,	"	" BAILEY
CORINTHIAN,	"	" WM. ADA
PASSPORT,	"	" IRVINE
ALGERIAN, (new)	"	" TROWELL
MAGNET,	"	" CAMERON

One of which will leave the Canal Basin, every morning (Sundays excepted) at 9 o'clock, and Lachine on arrival of the Train, leaving Bonaventure Station at noon, for HAMILTON and intermediate ports, making direct connection at Prescott and BROCKVILLE with the Railways for Ottawa City, Kemptville, Perth, Arnprior, &c., at TORONTO and HAMILTON with the Railways for Collingwood, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William, Duluth, Stratford, London, Chatham, Sarnia, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Galena, Green Bay, St. Paul and Fort Garry, and with the Steamers for Niagara, Lewiston, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, &c.

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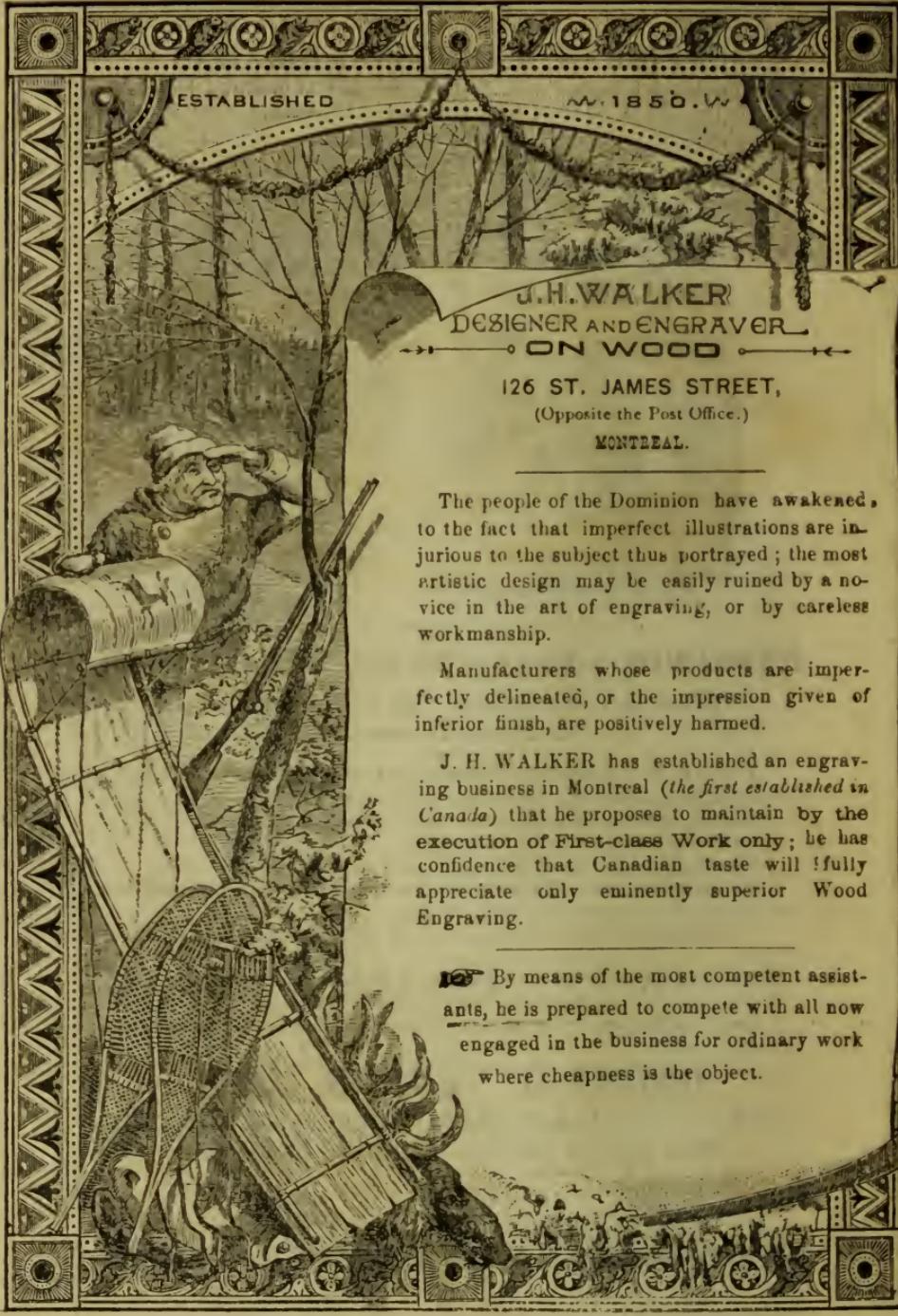
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